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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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OUR FUTURE PRIME MINISTER—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

DRAWING LATELY EXHIBITED AT THE AMATEUR ART SOCIETY EXHIBITION

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No. 121.—Vol. IX.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

"Mixed Maxims, or The Proverbs of the Professor." (Alston Rivers: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Sea Spray." By Frank T. Bullen. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Debrett's House of Commons and Judicial Bench." (Dean and Sons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Chats on Angling." By Captain H. V. Hart-Davis. (Horace Cox.)

"Sir Henry Irving." By Percy Fitzgerald. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

"Cancer Without Operation." By Robert Bell, M.D. (Dean and Sons.)

"Blanche Esmead." By Ella Fuller Maitland. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

"Law for the Million: A Practical Lawyer." (*The News of the World:* 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Cranford." By Mrs. Gaskell. (Methuen: 6*d.* net.)

"The Life of Nelson." By Robert Southey. (Methuen: 1*s.* net.)

"The Little Flower of St. Francis." ByW. Heywood. (Methuen: 6*d.* net.)

"A Serious Call." By William Law. (Methuen: 1*s.* net.)

"The Poems of Robert Burns." (Methuen: 1*s.* net.)

"Utopia and Poems." By Sir Thomas Moore. (Methuen: 1*s.* net.)

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TO

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
March 28, 1906

Apropos of the particulars *re* the House of Commons' dining-room given by a contemporary, it is, we believe, a fact that a number of Members, while in the House, eat nothing but their own words.

* * *

With regard to the furniture case, we are glad to say that the number of jokes received at this office on "Pearl" and "Jewel" is now diminishing, 941 only being received yesterday and 704 to-day.

* * *

It is a curious comment on the present cry for female emancipation that a well-known West-End house is doing a large sale in "Slave bangles."

* * *

We observe a headline in a contemporary — "Novel Hospital Scheme." We are glad to see such a scheme floated at last; the weakness of many recent novels suggested the need of a hospital for them.

* * *

As the result of the Appleby recount, Mr. Leif Jones remains Member for the division. His sense of satisfaction is such that he now proposes to adopt the style of Mr. Re-leif Jones.

* * *

The rumour that Sir Wilfrid Lawson has a rival in a very exalted quarter of Downing Street appears to be confirmed by the following lines, recently picked up in the House:—

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
When crown of place is on our brow,
A Ministerial *bête noir* thou!

* * *

LITERARY NOTE.—A work will be published shortly, by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, entitled "So-called Skirts; or, Why Girls Should Not Wear 'Rationals.'" This little book condemns the unhealthy practice of wearing what are commonly known as bloomers. (Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

On page 626 will be found pictures of some of the stiff jumps in the Grand National, which, as every sportsman knows—and, consequently, every reader of THE BYSTANDER—takes place on Friday next. It is not usual for weekly illustrated journals to go in for intelligent forecasts on racing matters, but if you are having any money on, don't forget Roman Law. If he is not first past the post, I shall not be the only tipster who has made a little mistake in his calculations.

* * *

A gentleman, who has just been certified as a lunatic, had, it seems, evolved a rather curious method of arranging his diet. His theory was that you should eat creatures in the order in which they were created—fish for breakfast, fowl for lunch, and pig for dinner. This view would doubtless appeal to the rest of the animal creation, because, as man was created last, he should obviously be the natural dinner of all wild beasts.

* * *

Heard at the Tate Gallery

DAUGHTER: "Why they said it were a Sergeant, but it ain't a sodger at all; only a gal 'olding up a tamborine!"

MOTHER: "Well! but perhaps she's in the Salvation Army!"

THE IRISHMAN'S LAMENT;
Or,
IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT TO O'B.

There's a question which touches us all,
That touches us every day:
Whenever a Member wants a shave,
Why should he have to pay?
He may wear his hair in wavy locks,
But it don't seem right to me
That, whenever he wants to have it cut,
He should fork out £ *s. d.*

To many a starving poor M.P.,
A Parliamentary seat,
With its income of three hundred a year,
Is fire and drink and meat;
And if he wants to have a shave,
It don't seem right to me
That the country which he serves so well
Shouldn't let him have it free.

By ONE OF 'EM.

WEST END TRAGEDY!

MOTOR HORROR IN HYDE PARK

By Our Rotten (Row) Reporter

"Oh, to be in England now that April's there," sang the poet. Would he have come in March so as to be in plenty of time for April had he lived? I trow not this March, and yet yesterday morning might have tempted even Browning from Asolo. The sun shone in a sky of steely blue. A sparkle of snow was on the grass, and a bracing wind brought a flush of health and a divine rose tint to the cheeks of Britain's fairest. Lady "Bob" Murdoch, just back from Egypt, looking superb in her new ermines, made a charming cameo against a patch of crocuses. Mr. "Jippy" Somerset, the Society jiu-jitsu amateur, still with one arm in a sling—he sprained it at the Duke's last week—and looking rather pale, passed me talking to little Mrs. Potter-Townsend, who has quite got over her recent divorce case, and was seen last week at P——'s with Captain B——p H——n. I noted also the young Duke of ——ton, still wearing the frown which his friends say won't wear off. *On dit*, he has never got over the defection of Miss B——p. In a motor, Mrs. Castlethwaite was slowly parading her two daughters, "Tops" and "Mops." They say this is the third spring she has brought them out as new goods, but they looked astonishingly well. Captain "Pug" Dawtrey, of the Guards, had quite a party in his 50 h.-p. Panhard. He has had it enamelled rose pink—rose pink shading to carmine is to be *the* colour this year for every smart tonneau. White overalls or furs will, of course, be required to carry out the scheme effectively. One of the new Labour Members was earnestly chatting with Lady Borwick under the trees. She was wearing the usual sables (T——'s gift).

Everyone was discussing the recent action of Mrs. Mallett. They say she got as far as Newhaven. There is a great deal of sympathy for her. To be brought back is always so humiliating. I hear that when the two men met she had to fling herself between them quite in the old Adelphi style. She swears she will try again the first opportunity, and as he is such an awful brute, everyone sympathises. Poor young G—— was with his mother, looking very pale and worn. He feels it fearfully, and Sir Godfrey Tomlin has offered to lend him his car next time—just for sport, he says. Sir Godfrey's car is well known to be the fastest on the road. G—— was wearing one of the new brown frock coats, drawn in at the hips and very long.

All the little buds are beginning to swell, and—if I may say so—all the little swells are beginning to bud. People abuse the County Council, but if they did nothing except keep the parks so beautifully, I think they would be worth having. Of course, the unemployed still lie about in some parts. I should have thought that the police might perfectly easily clear them up, like they do the bits of paper.

The latest scandal is that Kitty Dorset was at the last Fancy Dress Ball. It was awfully clever the way she managed it. The under-parlour-maid, who's rather like Kitty, got permission to go down to Luton and see her dying brother. She was to catch the last train. Instead, Kitty, who had gone to bed with a "headache," slipped out, and came back in the morning, through the servants' entrance, disguised as the maid. No one would have known if Kitty hadn't *boasted!* She was looking radiant yesterday, and won't admit that it was anything but a lark.

As an elderly lady, leading a dog, was crossing the road by Hyde Park Corner, the animal tried to cross in front of a motor-car. The owner, frightened, pulled it back under one of the wheels, and the car passed right over it, killing it instantly. The lady had a most narrow escape, as she was only the length of the "lead" from the car, and if it had passed over her the consequences might have been grave.

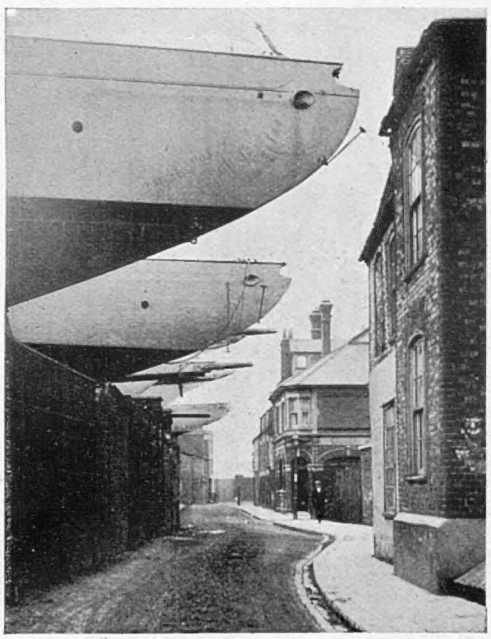


Photo *Stephen Cribb*

A sign of the coming yachting season

This unique form of obstruction of "Ancient lights" is to be seen at Gosport, the great yachting centre, where the yachts, on the slips ready for launching, are nearly touching the windows of the houses across the street

THE RAINBOW ROUTE

[*The "Baker-loo" Tube had one of the best send-offs it is possible to imagine. The convenience of the route was as nothing compared with the interest aroused by the different colour-schemes to represent the different stations.*—Daily Paper.]

Come "Tube" with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
Of rushing through a rainbow groove.

If you, my Fair, are feeling blue,
Choose 'tween verdant Waterloo
And Baker Street's sweet primrose hue.

From purple Kennington, we will
Reach the Embankment's *eau-de-nil*,
And Regent's Park's pale daffodil.

Altho' this scheme is very kind,
You *must* "Tube" with me, for I find
That I'm completely colour-blind!

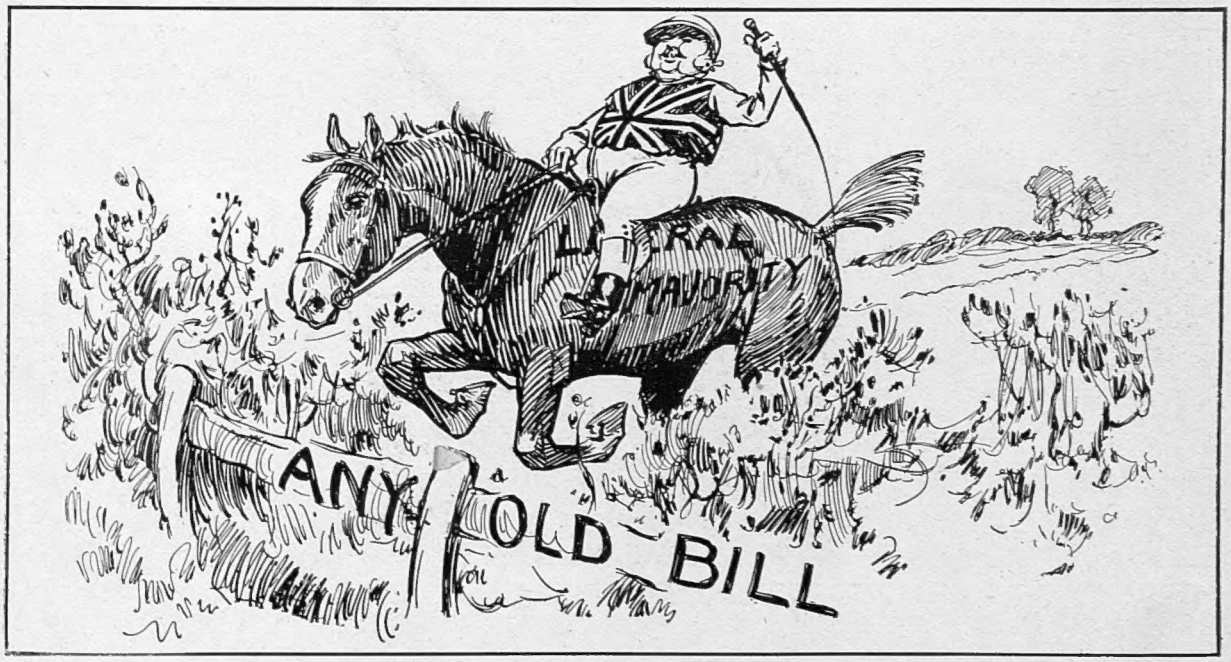
The Topictator

The Weather

"I told you so—about three weeks ago, if you remember!"

A New Rôle

Is Mr. Chamberlain a humorist? He convulsed the House in a recent debate by inquiring plaintively: "For Heaven's sake, why are you not consistent?"



The Grand National (Parliamentary)

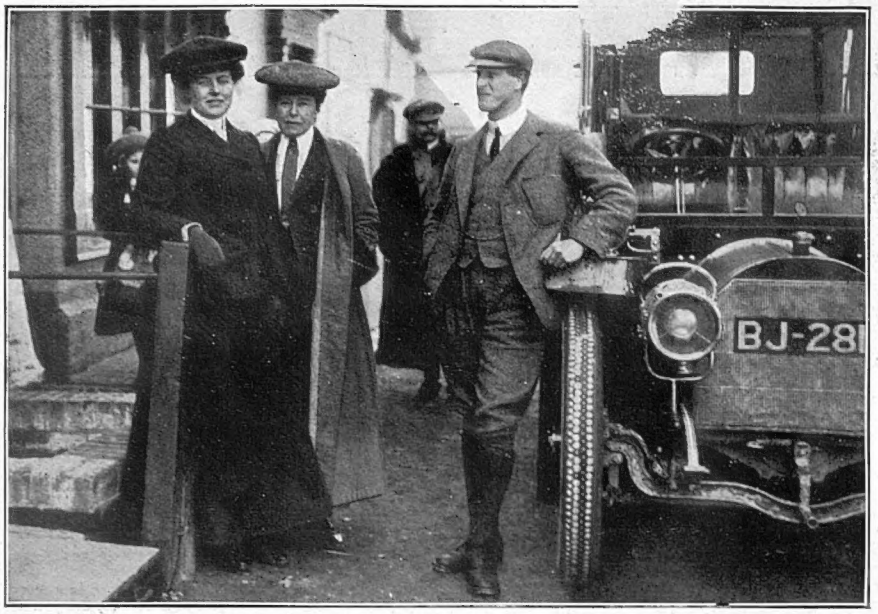
THE JOCK: "I'm really beginning to enjoy myself!"

England v. Scotland

THE THISTLE: "Weel! Wha'd ha' thocht it?"

The Angry Turtle and Sir Edward Clarke

"Now, sir, what have you got to say for yourself?"



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Lady Mary Hamilton (on the left of the first photograph), the Duchess of Hamilton (middle), and the Marquis of Graham (right), touring the district in their motor, paid several visits to peasants in canvassing for votes

THE EYE ELECTION

THE political struggle now being waged in Mid-Suffolk is, in every sense, an Eye-election! Eyes—fair, feminine eyes—are being used in place of arguments, those of Lady Mary Hamilton on behalf of the Tory candidate (her fiancé, Lord Graham), and those of Mrs. Harold Pearson for the Liberal, her husband. And the question is, which of the "eyes" will have it? Politically, the division has been Suffolk's Liberal fortress, which has withstood all assaults for twenty years, where its neighbours have at times been swept by Conservatism. But the Hamilton influence in the district is enormous. Easton Park, near Wickham Market, being the seat of Lady Mary, the wealthy and immensely popular daughter of the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, her efforts on behalf of her fiancé are likely to cause many a Liberal voter to pocket his politics.

On the other hand, Pearson is a name to conjure with in East Anglia, Sir Weetman Pearson, the Liberal candidate's father, being the M.P. for Colchester. Our photographs show Lady Mary and her fiancé on their canvassing rounds.

Acquiring the Grand Manner

Photo *Lafayette*

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen in Court dress at the last Dublin Drawing Room

The two pages, who appear to have acquired quite the grand manner, are Lord Killeen, the nine-year-old son of Earl and Countess Fingall, and Master Robert Arnott, also nine years old, [illegible] of Sir John and Lady Arnott

The PLAYHOUSES

Adelphi Theatre

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE"

Mr. Otho Stuart makes a good case for the production of *Measure for Measure* when he states that it is played in America, in Germany, and in Holland, but in Shakespeare's own country has been almost entirely neglected for nearly a generation. It is a little difficult to see why this should be, except that the two principal male characters, Angelo and the Duke, are not such as to attract the ambitious actor-manager. The most striking scene in the play falls to young Claudio, when his love of life proves stronger than his love for his sister's honour. Mr. Harcourt Williams's performance was in every way notable, and his utter abandonment to despair a fine piece of acting. Isabella is the central figure of the play, and Miss Brayton showed once more that her natural gifts, added to the wonderful experience of different rôles she has enjoyed for so young an actress, have placed her far in front of the majority of her contemporaries. Mr. Bernard Shaw, I believe, places *Measure for Measure* above *Hamlet*. If he does not revive this question I must look up his previous remarks. It must take all Mr. Shaw's ingenuity to prove his point.

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Lena Ashwell

Who will open the Savoy Theatre at Easter with *The Bond of Union*. Mr. Henry Ainley will play the hero, a Soldier of Fortune, and Mr. H. V. Esmond will play Louis XIV. Miss Ashwell will take the part of Ninon de Lenclos

Wyndham's Theatre

"THE CANDIDATE"

To revive a piece like *The Candidate* is to plunge us back into a very melancholy past. It is to show a well-groomed, clean-shaved man of fifty, who rather prides himself upon his appearance, a daguerreotype of himself leaning on a cane with crossed feet and wearing "Piccadilly Weepers." To essay a flight in menu French, Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy's ancient adaptation might be called *Comédie aux Châtaignes*, and the dish is not palatable to the present generation. We have not made much progress during the last twenty years or so, but it is generally felt that we have made a step in humour beyond the mother-in-law joke. It still survives, of course, but secondary education is slowly, but surely, doing it to death. Now, the Candidate's mother-in-law literally carries the piece upon her shoulders. If she had been intermittent, we might have suffered her, but she is slow—continuous fever, as the doctors call it. Miss Helen Ferrers did the right thing in playing this terrible part with all the downright energy of which she is capable. The case would have been infinitely more pathetic had the actress faltered during her trying ordeal.

It is almost as difficult, in writing of the piece, to get away from that mother-in-law as it was to escape her when witnessing the play. But, with a wrench, I pass on to other ancient and fish-like humours. There was the flighty husband who, anxious to go on the gallivant, instructs a friend to send a wire calling him up to town on business. There was our old friend, the unctuous cleric adored by the women—a mixture of Chadband and Stiggins. Here, again, Mr. Rutland Barrington, with admirable art, concealed all traces of self-pity in playing such a rôle. As for the so-called modern touches which have been introduced, it is sufficient to state that a character, who, fortunately, does not appear, and intended for Mr. John Burns, is called Scalders!

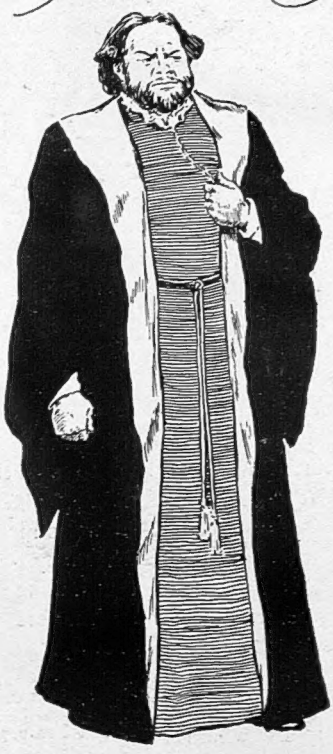
Ellen Terry's Jubilee

If ever there were a name to conjure with Ellen Terry is that name. For many years she has been the embodiment of the English people's ideals of grace, sweetness, and humour in womankind. Think as you will, you cannot call to mind one who has run the gamut of so many delightful moods, who can be so wise and serious one moment, such a merry madcap the next. But there is little need to insist upon her talents. Ellen Terry is still with us. So on the long-looked-for evening of April 28, when she celebrates her jubilee, there will be none of the sadness of a farewell performance. The grateful task of celebrating this jubilee in national and international fashion has been undertaken by the *Tribune*, the proprietor of which has organised a shilling subscription, opening the list with five thousand shillings. Subscriptions will be welcomed by the Hon. Treasurer of the Fund, the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, at the *Tribune* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.

E. C. S.

"Measure for Measure"

MARIANA.
Miss Frances Dillon.



ANGELO.
Mr Oscar Asche

CLAUIO
Mr Harcourt Williams.

LUCIO
Mr R. Ian Penny.

ISABELLA.
Miss Lily Brayton

at the Adelphi Theatre.

VINCENTIO (the Duke)
Mr Walter Hampden

DRAWN BY CHARLES R. SYKES

ROUND THE TOWN

The Kaiser, the King, and the Olympic Games

It rather looks as if the King and his nephew, the Kaiser, were going to play hide and seek in the Mediterranean again this year. The plans for the cruise of the King and Queen in the Royal yacht next month are kept secret as the grave, but it is nevertheless rumoured, not only that they will meet the Prince and Princess of Wales on their return from India, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia on their return from South Africa, but that the King, at any rate, and most probably the Queen, will be present at the Olympic games in Athens.

* * *

Taormina, which has been described as the one dry spot in the whole of Sunny Sicily, is busying itself excitedly about the German Emperor's visit next month. The Kaiser, in visiting Taormina, is profiting by the example set him by many of his subjects, for, though Taormina, probably owing to its comparative immunity from that dampness which is the bane of Sicily, is very expensive, the German tourist flocks there in his hundreds. Whether the Italian railway companies have given him the same facilities for getting there which they have allowed him in the case of the Riviera (where he gets there and back for £5) I rather doubt.

The Spanish Cuisine

I wonder whether the advent of an English Princess as Queen of Spain will awaken the melancholy Spaniard to the fact that, so far as his *cuisine* is concerned, it might be possible to make a much-needed improvement. Cooking in Spain is still what it was in the Middle Ages or at the time of the other "Spanish Marriage." In St. Sebastian, Barcelona, and Madrid, in the best hotels, one can get French cooking of a sort, but away from the immediate centres of civilisation, the food is, to say the least of it, coarse and, to a refined palate, almost uneatable. Notwithstanding these gastronomical drawbacks, however, the charm of what may be truly termed Sunny Spain is so strong that only the most epicurean allow the food difficulties to interfere with their enjoyment of life in that fair country.

* * *

The Edinburgh Princesses

Spain's future Queen, Princess Ena, again has her cousin, Princess Beatrice of Coburg, staying with her at Osborne Cottage, where the Princesses of Battenberg have retired to rest after the excitement of the last few weeks. Princess Beatrice, it will be remembered, spent most of last summer at Kensington

Photo] **Colonial Fruit at Westminster** [*Advance*

Grapes, pears, and melons, from South Africa, are among the exhibits at the Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, which also include some specimens of fruits with strange names never before heard of in this country

A Family Réunion

The Edinburgh Princesses

Left to right : Princess Beatrice of Coburg, the Crown Princess of Roumania, and Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia

Paris in London

Palace with her aunt and cousin and is now evidently taking advantage of her cousin's last few weeks of single blessedness to enjoy her society once again

Princess Beatrice is the youngest of the four daughters of the late Duke of Edinburgh, and the rumour that the King of Roumania is dangerously ill, reminds us that her eldest sister, the Crown Princess of Roumania, will some day be one of the reigning Queens of Europe. The Crown Princess is one of the most remarkable, and certainly one of the most beautiful, of the rising generation of Royalties. She has beautiful light hair, blue eyes, and a figure of such grace that, whether in full dress, in a tailor-made, or in the national costume of her country, which, as with Queen Maud in Norway, she often affects, she always makes a charming picture. The Crown Princess resembles in many ways her aunt, the Duchess of Argyll, and is nothing if not independent in thought and action. She possesses, moreover, the same artistic talent. She has that in her address which is called American, but being really a combination of the aristocrat and the Bohemian, is extremely fascinating. As to Princess Victoria Melita, the ex-Grand Duchess of Hesse, it was on account of his marriage with her that the Grand Duke Cyril was deprived by the Tsar of his Orders, military rank, and other honours, and banished from Russia.

H.E. The Marquis Tittoni

The new Italian Ambassador, who arrives in London this week

* * *

Paris in London

The London County Council, after dallying with the question in the true spirit of Bumbledom, and expressing the most ridiculous fears of the probable consequences upon British morals, has, at last, consented to the terms of the syndicate formed to exploit the "Paris in London" scheme upon the vacant Aldwych site. It is to be hoped that the promoters of the scheme will succeed in importing the spirit of gaiety from the French capital, and that Paris in London, as a name, will prove to be neither a snare nor a delusion. After all, better the *boulevardier* than the Strand loafer.

Site of the "Paris in London" Scheme: View of the Strand in 1905, from the third floor of the Law Courts

It is fortunate the L.C.C. have accepted the new scheme, for Londoners were beginning to look upon the bleak "island site" as a permanent wilderness

Weddings of Interest

Another Lost Hope

The engagement of Mr. Lionel Lambart, second son of the late Earl of Cavan, to the daughter of Mr. W. C. Whitney, of the United States Navy and English Derby fame, signals the loss of yet another *parti* to the English market. Really, the constant catches made by the other side of the herring-pond are getting positively monotonous. The only consolation lies in the fact that the much-sought-after American girl so much prefers even a "Social Savage" (*i.e.* an English young man) to an American for a husband.

Three more interesting engagements have brightened the first weeks of an otherwise depressing season. The pretty daughter of Lord and Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox is engaged to Lord Villiers, heir to the Jersey titles and estates, and the happy possessor of an income of some £50,000 a year.

Lord Kelburne, the eldest son of Lord Glasgow, is engaged to be married to Miss Hyacinthe Bell, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Bell, of Pendell Court, Surrey. Lord Kelburne, like his father, has been in the Navy several years, and he is also a great sportsman. Another engagement is that of Mr. Coulson Fellowes to Miss Jefferson. Mr. Fellowes, who only came of age last year, is in the 1st Life Guards, and is the eldest son of Lord and Lady de Ramsey, and first cousin of the Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Winston Churchill.

* * *

Three Weddings

To-morrow (Thursday) the wedding of Cameron of Lochiel to Lady Hermione Graham takes place; Lord de Vesci and Miss Wellesley are to be married quietly at the end of next month, and soon after, Miss Gwen Molesworth, Lord Molesworth's daughter, is to be married to Colonel Dyson Laurie; Miss Graham will be married to Mr. MacKean at St. Peter's, Eaton Square; and the Hon. Sylvia Stanley and Mr. Anthony Henley, of the Greys, will also be married early in April.

Photo *Barnett*

The Hon. Sylvia Stanley
To marry Mr. Anthony Henley, of the Greys, in April

Photos

Lady Hermione Graham

Kate Pragnell

Cameron of Lochiel

WHOSE WEDDING TAKES PLACE TO-MORROW (THURSDAY)

Mr. Alfred Gilbert and Mrs. Frankau

The Lady and the Sculptor

The air of the Art world has been filled all the week with the unpleasant dust that Mrs. Frankau has produced in her violent charge upon Mr. Alfred Gilbert. The lady is, of course, the well-known novelist, "Frank Danby," and her antagonist the famous R.A., and professor of sculpture at the Academy. If what one hears is correct—and rumour is often right when it's very disagreeable—Mrs. Frankau asked Mr. Gilbert to produce a monument in bronze and marble and granite of her late husband. It was to be ready within a given period, it was paid for in part, and it has not been delivered, even now. It seems that £1,000 was offered, but the sculptor suggested 600 guineas as more fitting—in itself a bewildering fact. But, following this, all sorts of legal businesses began in regard to the payment of the lesser sum, and the date when the finished work of art should be delivered. Time pursued his irrevocable way, and the lady did her share of paying, in response to the letters from the sculptor saying that his work was advancing, and all would soon be ready. And yet the monument of bronze and marble and granite was no nearer home.

Mrs. Frankau

Better known to the public by her *nom de plume* "Frank Danby." Her disagreement with Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the famous sculptor, is being aired with considerable detail in the pages of *Truth*

A Question of Ideals

Mrs. Frankau, who, judging purely by such successful works as her "Dr. Phillips, an idyll of Maida Vale," and her more recent "Pigs in Clover," knows the world, and something of the artistic temperament, feared Mr. Gilbert was neglecting his contract. She began to force the pace, and Mr. Gilbert has pleaded his ideals. *Truth* has spread her well-worn wings over Mrs. Frankau, and Mr. Gilbert and the Academy are said to be very naughty. Thus the quarrel is a pretty one between the lady and the sculptor. The artist has been *bound* to produce his masterpiece, and has been paid in part—but who can make the master make the masterpiece if the artist be not inspired? Mrs. Frankau recognises this difficulty, and demands her money back. But Mr. Gilbert does not send it. He proposes, it seems, to await inspiration. At Bruges, where he now is, he defends himself by declaring that he will face any difficulty rather than degrade his art or his ideals. I am entirely in sympathy with this admirable sentiment, but I do not believe it really helps art, or does much good to an ideal, to enter into a contract about them and then break it. This is, of course, a personal view and may not be popular. Certainly not with Mr. Gilbert, for he is reported to have said that money is brass and his ideals golden. It seems that these two interesting facts have helped to bring him into some sort of little disagreement with several other clients. Genius is like that — often misunderstood, laughed at, and asked to do the work it promised—or pay up. The plain man talks about honesty, and the artist about his ideals. Such a position has always been very horrid to the greatly gifted. Mr. Gilbert is not the first genius who has found metals dangerous. Benvenuto Cellini was an artist in metals who was constantly liable to the most unpleasant attacks and unwarranted suspicions from those patrons, the Popes and Princes, whom he served. His sense of art was magnificent, his ideals the highest, just like those of Mr. Gilbert, and yet, if one may accept the evidences of his autobiography, there were people who spoke quite as crossly as Mrs. Frankau, even in a period when art was better understood than now, and the patrons people of good taste. All this and the further cases that *Truth* mentions make a sorry sort of business when one thinks of Mr. Gilbert's splendid work—but life is like that.

* * *

"Prodigies" and Child Musicians

Prodigies bore me to tears! They are fashionable, I know, and, therefore, of course, one ought to like them; but there are such a lot of them, and they are always so appallingly young (on the programme), that somehow I always want to hail a perambulator, trundle them home, smack them, give them some pap, and put them to bed. Their constant up-cropping, therefore, makes me feel quite unhappy. The latest thing in this line is positively hair-raising. He was discovered by that fount of wisdom and keeper of the nation's morals, the *Daily Mail*. He is twelve years old. His name is Lionel Ovenden, and he is a violinist, a pianist, and a composer. None of your one-man-one-vote games for Master Ovenden. Seriously, however, I believe he is a little genius, though, as he has not yet performed publicly, the London musical world has not had an opportunity of giving its opinion.

* * *

Sometimes, however, the object of my wrath is quite a musician, and exhibits an emotional quality out of keeping with its years. Miss Kathleen Parlow, who, by the way, is a Canadian, has a technique which, even in these days of brilliant executive ability, is wonderful, and her "attack"—to speak technically—can only be compared to that of Kreisler. She has given command performances before the Queen and Princess Louise, besides concerts of her own, accompanied by the Queen's Hall Orchestra, at the Queen's Hall, and at the Bechstein, and Lord Strathcona, naturally, takes the greatest interest in her, as a Canadian as well as a genius.

Musical Prodigies

Photo *Vandyk*

Miss May Harrison

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Kathleen Parlow

Miss Vivien Chartres

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Master Lionel Oveaden

Ladies as Chauffeurs

Another child violinist, who has lately delighted audiences at the Queen's Hall, is little Vivien Chartres. It is related that when she was about seven years old, an Italian violinist called on her parents and brought his "Amati" with him. He was asked to play, and started the "Zigeunerweisen" of Sarasate. He had hardly begun when the door opened, and little Vivien, with a doll under her arm, entered the room. It was the first time she heard the voice of a violin. She stood transfixed, gazing at the player, until he drew the last note. Then she dropped her doll suddenly, and began to cry. She wept loudly and long, and when asked by the musician why she cried, her answer was, "For many things." The Signore was immensely gratified and flattered; then and there he volunteered to teach the little girl to play the violin, with results that have been the wonder of the capitals of Europe.

* * *

Woman and the Automobile

Women are nothing if not enthusiastic, and the energetic way in which they are going in for motoring confirms their claim to the title once for all. As usual, most of them are overdoing the cult in more ways than one, and, indeed, the alarmingly rapid strides in fashion's favour made by the automobile during the last year or so, presages it a short life and a merry one. The members of the Ladies' Automobile Club are in the foremost ranks of motoring, as everybody knows. Lately, those who could tear themselves away from the feet of Plato, or rather, Dr. Reich, at Claridge's, have been attending lectures on motor-driving and its technicalities—(by the way, there is a new profession for women: they are farm-labourers, why not chauffeurs?)—and they celebrated the opening of the season, a week ago last Saturday, by motoring down to the Countess of Amherst's beautiful place, Montreal, near Sevenoaks. No less than eighteen cars went down; no mishaps were recorded; and, at this season of the year, that bane of the motorist (not to speak of the poor wretched cyclist or pedestrian), Dust, was happily absent.

Photo Hills and Saunders

The Hon. H. Lygon

Who has just been elected President of the Oxford Union. He is half-brother to Lord Beauchamp, himself a former President

* * *

The New Road Club

Motoring society is very keen on the New Road Club, of which Lord Montagu of Beaulieu is to be the first president. As I said last week, the motoring appetite is a fearful and wonderful thing, and from what I hear of this new club, the freshest eggs, the choicest fruits, and the longest drinks are to be specially preserved for its members at all places which it marks for its own.

I shall have some more to say about this club next week, but, meanwhile, I hear that private club-rooms are being engaged at many of the country hotels; in fact, there seems no end to the advantages a membership entails. Only, really I am sorry for those unfortunate or obstinate people who are *not* automobilists. The scorn with which one will be treated on arriving at a wayside inn without one's motor will be truly awful.

BYSTANDER.

A recent meet of the Ladies' Automobile Club at Montreal, Sevenoaks, the seat of Lord Amherst of Hackney

LENTEN SELF-DENIAL

"Do you know my husband is giving up smoking entirely during Lent?"

"Indeed! And pray what is *your* penance?"

"Mine? Oh! I have to live with him while he does his"

DRAWN BY W. H. HUMPHRIS

STIFF JUMPS IN THE GRAND NATIONAL

Last open ditch in the country

One of the severest of all the jumps, close by the canal. Altogether there have been two deaths in the Grand National: one in 1862 and one a few years later, both having occurred at the "2nd last fence"

Becher's Brook: Landing side

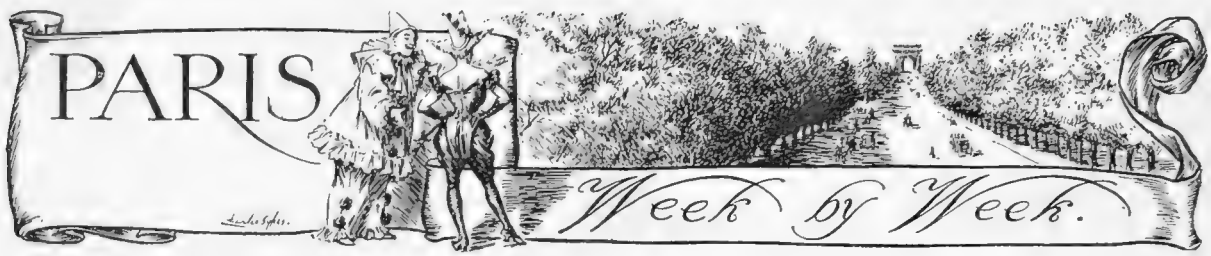
The brook is now dried up, but was once a wide, rushing stream, into which Captain Becher fell and was nearly drowned in 1830

The premier steeplechase of the world was established in 1839, sixty-seven years ago, and since then there has not been much alteration made in it. For the first four years it was a weight-for-age race, but since 1843 it has been a handicap. In the beginning a natural stream ran across the far end, forming what are known as Becher's and Valentine's Brooks, called after Mr. John Tower's "Valentine," and Captain Becher's "Conrad," who ran in the race of 1839. These gentlemen backed themselves, to a large amount, to be first over the brook in the race at the Canal. Captain Becher unfortunately fell into the first brook, which then had steep banks and wide span of deep, fast-running water. Both horse and rider were nearly drowned, and this has since been called Becher's Brook. The length of the race is 4 miles 805 yards, and entails thirty-four jumps over obstacles which, if made the least bit longer, would be altogether unsurmountable. As it is, it will be seen what terrible work it is for a horse to get over such a course, while the strain on a jockey is very severe.

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The water-jump opposite the Grand Stand

Instituted in 1843 for the formidable stone-wall jump originally here. This is only crossed the first time round



By FRANCES KEYZER

Bohemia's New Historian

M. Catulle Mendès has done a cleverer thing in *Glatigny* than he supposed, when he put the finishing lines to the five-act play M. Ginisty has had the honour to produce. He has become the historian of a period with *Glatigny*, as Mürger in the *Vie de Bohème*. More than all the *lascive* novels of his youth; or those of later moment, such as "Gog" and "Le Roi Vierge"; or the dramatic incarnation of "Medea," "Zohara," or "Scarron," with all their force and poetic beauty, will *Glatigny* have served Catulle. For with *Glatigny* he has revived a period in the history of Paris and Parisians that will remain as a study of men and manners in the 'sixties of the nineteenth century, some few years before the War.

* * *

A Modern Don Quixote

This is the period of literary Bohemianism, when men of his generation met at the Brasserie, and poets had generous aspirations. Glatigny was a Normandy peasant who became a secondary poet, a man whom many of our living celebrities have known, long and lean, with a ferocious desire to conquer Paris and love a lady. M. Anotole France describes him as: "A youth with long legs ending in long feet, enormous hands, a clean-shaven face long and bony, with a large, bold mouth and loving eyes. A Panurge; but a Panurge in the clouds. Poor, in rags, dragging his feeble body along the high roads, sick and hungry, he lived in an enchanted dream, picturing himself clothed in velvets and silks, drinking, in cups chiselled by Benvenuto Cellini, to duchesses who loved him." The poor fellow, like many another, "sighed for the love of a lady," and wrote verses dreamy and amorous, loved a courtesan as second-rate as he, and died in his native village, like Don Quixote, disillusioned, but contented.

M. Catulle Mendès
Whose new play, *Glatigny*, is the talk of Paris, reviving, as it does, the palmy days of literary Bohemia in the 'sixties of the nineteenth century

* * *

"Glatigny" Revives Pleasant Memories

Coppée, Hérédia, Sardou, have all known Glatigny, and to them M. Mendès's play was a delight, evoking scenes of their youth and people since disappeared, who have played parts in the history of the last fifty years, among them the painter Courbet and the famous journalist, Emile de Girardin. At the dress rehearsal, some five hundred among the audience revelled in the past; another five hundred drank in the verse; but the million will not see the beauties of verse or play; they will go to be amused, and may, or may not, be satisfied.

* * *

The Painter Courbet

The most interesting personage introduced is Courbet; but M. Mendès deals very lightly with the painter who fights against idealism. He draws a vivid picture of the Brasserie, however, where Jean Morvieux rails against Victor Hugo, the Goncourts, and Zola; while Olivier Métra, the composer of famous waltzes, accompanies the dancers; and Glatigny is leaving for Valvin, where he intended to work, for the inn that Malormé discovered. It will be remembered that Courbet, an ardent Republican, who had refused the Cross of the Legion of Honour offered by Napoleon III., was a member of the Commune, and later was sentenced to six months imprisonment and to pay 330,000 francs towards the replacing of the Colonne Vendôme, which, it was said, had been pulled down at his bidding.

* * *

An Amusing Hoax

But what is not generally known is the hoax played by the artist's friends and colleagues on the authorities. As they expected, immediately after the judgment, all the canvases in his studio were seized towards payment of the above sum. But the friends had forestalled the sheriff's officers by removing all Courbet's paintings and replacing them with the biggest rubbish they could find. A roar of laughter rang through Paris when these "crusts," as they say here in studio slang, were put up for auction. It is not to the credit of Meissonnier, who, a couple of years later, opposed—as a rabid Bonapartist—the acceptance of Courbet's work in the year's Salon. The committee were small-minded enough to side with Meissonnier against the trodden-down artist; but the public was indignant, and Meissonnier and the Committee had, what they call here, *une mauvaise presse.*

* * *

Musset and the Others

The Musset monument, lately erected on the Place du Théâtre Français, is serving other purposes than

Revival of French Faith-Healing

the recording of a great man's life. Everybody cannot be a poet, and write a "Lorenzaccio" or "On ne badine pas avec l'Amour," nor have a statue erected to his memory; but there is a way of becoming known to posterity without any more talent than the most humble of reporters, and our "officials" have not been wanting in this sense of self-gratification. It seems a pity, nevertheless, that the pedestal that holds the figures of Musset and his Muse should be covered with the names of the Minister, the Under-Secretary, the Prefect, and the President of the County Council, and others of equal importance who assisted at the ceremony of inauguration. In a little while, when the present generation will have passed by, it will be impossible to know whether the poet was Musset or a member of the Ministry. And in these days of short Ministerial reigns, a pedestal that can hold a dozen names is not to be disregarded. The public, in general, has a limited knowledge of a symbol. I was passing the Musset statue with a friend—a dear little woman, but very prosaic. "Whose statue is that?" she asked. "Musset's," I answered. "Oh, yes, of course; and the figure at the back—Georges Sand!"

* * *

Faith-healing Redivivus

Faith-healing is again on the tapis. At the present moment, when party feeling runs high and everybody is excited over the "Inventories" of Church property, the smallest incident is sufficient to raise controversies. The case that in ordinary times would have passed unheeded, or aroused laughter, is now made a weapon in the hands of the Anti-Clericals. The case in question is of the faith-healer prosecuted by the Medical Board for the illegal practice of medicine. This worker of miracles was a tailor by trade, who found more profit and more clients among the sick. He had a simple method of curing the most terrible diseases. He placed his hands on the afflicted parts, muttered a few unintelligible words, and the patient withdrew after having made him a present, which he accepted but for which he never asked. I had the curiosity to hear the case and see the procession of people who acknowledged themselves cured, not only of nervous maladies, but of serious ailments, such as cancer and tumours generally. The impression was intensely painful; these witnesses appeared insane, although their evidence was given in good faith and in the clearest possible manner. The Anti-Clerical Press are now making capital out of the affair, and are hinting, in a most direct manner, that the teachings of the priests are responsible for the mental aberration of the masses. The healer was fined £2. It is now argued that, if faith-healing is illegal, the miracle establishment in Lourdes should be closed, and the clergy at the head of the organisation be equally prosecuted for the illegal practice of medicine. The religious Catholics, naturally, resent these attacks, and there is every possibility, according to them, that the numbers of visitors to the famous Grotto will be greatly increased this year. A demonstration in favour of miracles will be a new development, and will be welcomed, not only by the Church party, but by the railway companies.

Photo *Nadau*

M. Tarride, who is playing the "lead" in "Glatigny"

The actor who takes the part of the hero in M. Catulle Mendès's play, with tremendous success

* * *

The Castellane Case

To return to the Castellane case, it is now assured that the Countess will only ask for a separation, not a divorce, from the flighty Count. The reason is easily understood. Miss Anna Gould did not sacrifice her happiness for a title to lose it so quickly. She will still retain the name of a member of the French aristocracy, and her noble husband will, as before, be kept in pocket-money. The wonderful mansion, with its marble pillars and golden figures, that startle Parisians as they cross the Bois, will most likely come into the market, and may tempt another American milliardaire.

Francesco Reyzer

* * *

The Courrières Disaster.—A Benefit Performance

Brit sh sympathy with the hundreds of helpless souls bereaved by the unparalleled mining disaster at Courrières is amply evinced in the splendid first list of artistes who have (by permission of their respective managers, including Messrs. Charles Frohman, Arthur Collins, Paul Rubens, and Geo. Adney Payne) volunteered their services in aid of the special matinée to be given at the Alhambra on Thursday, the 29th inst. This has the good fortune to include the names of Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks, Miss May de Sousa and Mr. Harry Fragson, Miss Helen Mar, Miss Violet Lloyd, Miss Isabel Jay, Miss Ethel Irving, Miss Vivien Chartres, and Mr. Harry Lauder—whose distinctive monologue, prepared for this occasion, will be the more compassionate since it will introduce his own experiences of ten years in a coal mine. In addition, the greatly successful ballet, *Parisiana*, will be presented in its entirety; and the marvellous "Urbanora" living-picture exhibit will show the awful perils of the coal mine.

"GLATIGNY" AT THE ODÉON

Photo *Boyer*

Mlle. Brésil

Who gives an effective rendering of "Zizane" the actress, in *Glatigny*, M. Catulle Mendès's new play at the Odéon

Photo] **"Brigadier Gerard" at the Imperial Theatre: The Brigadier (Mr. Lewis Waller) crosses swords with Major Olivier (Mr. Frank Woolfe)** *[Ellis and Walery*

Brigadier Gerard is attached to a new regiment—the Hussars of Conflans. His new comrades have heard of his exploits, and prepare a trap for one whom they imagine is merely a braggart. They lead him on to talk of his adventures, and particularly of the regard Napoleon entertains for him. The unsuspicious Brigadier, delighted at finding himself in the company of such appreciative listeners, warms to the recital of his campaigning. Finally, the Hussars show that they have been making a fool of their new officer by bursting into contemptuous laughter. The fiery Brigadier challenges the whole lot of them, and is at work upon their leader, a bully, named Major Olivier, when the Colonel enters and stops the duel.

SCENES FROM

"Brigadier Gerard"

AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE

Napoleon (Mr. A. E. George) shows his affection for his Brigadier (Mr. Lewis Waller) by tweaking his ear

The Brigadier (Mr. Lewis Waller) declares his respectful love and devotion for the Comtesse de Roquelaure (Miss Evelyn Millard)

Photos *Ellis and Walery*

The Brigadier Gerard in Talleyrand's private salon

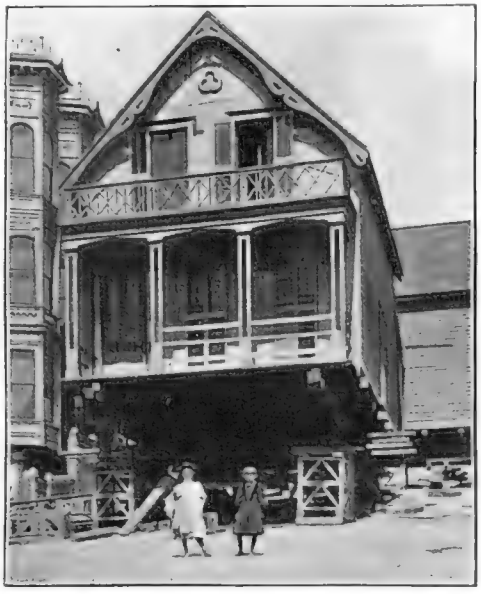
Gerard comes to the house of Talleyrand (Mr. Edward O'Neill) to get back the important documents which Sir Conan Doyle has utilised in his play in true Sardou fashion. At first the soldier is outwitted, and, suffering himself to be bound, is promptly put into the cabinet, which can just be seen on the left of the picture. The Brigadier, however, is released by the Comtesse de Roquelaure, and turns the tables on Talleyrand by seizing on that hapless statesman and thrusting him into the cabinet

House-Moving

AMERICAN METHODS TRIED SUCCESSFULLY IN SURREY

There is one notion for which Americans have hitherto claimed for themselves a monopoly—the custom of house-moving. As we know, it is by no means unusual for a man who gets tired of living in a house in one street to send for the carrier and get it moved into a better one. Should a storekeeper find that trade in one district is declining, but improving in another, why, it is the simplest thing imaginable just to hitch the house on to a substantial trolley (*vide* our first picture) and trundle it along to the more prosperous site.

That such things could be in our own country, however, has scarcely entered into the average mind. Our buildings, of course, are, as a rule, too solidly built to admit of such transfers, and the only real approach we have to the American house-moving is experienced by us every summer at the seaside, when, suddenly and without warning, at some very awkward moment, our bathing machine shakily gets up speed and moves along the beach.



House-moving in the States

A villa residence in San Francisco being carried from one district to another

Let it not be thought, however, that we are unable, when needs must, to rise to a great emergency. As was proved the other day in the wilds of Surrey, houses can, if necessary, be moved with promptitude and despatch to the order of the owner. A large farm-building, on the estate of Mr. Arthur Bird, at Great Bookham, was moved recently from one end of the village to another, the owner wishing to convert it from a farm-shed into a dwelling-house. The building was fifty-four feet long, and our photograph shows it mounted on rollers, and being drawn across some fields to its new site. The movement was executed without the displacement of a single roof tile, which must be regarded as a triumph for those engaged in it—Mr. Richard Lee, of Great Bookham (architect), and Messrs. Cummins and Sons, of Dorking (builders).

We do not, however, suggest that farmers suffering from depression are to be advised to pack up their premises and move them *en bloc* into the towns.

House-Moving in England: A large farm-building at Great Bookham, Surrey, in the act of being moved across the estate of Mr. Arthur Bird

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

The Stoke-upon-Trent Seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot

England's premier Earl

Alton Towers.

Alton Towers is one of Lord Shrewsbury's Staffordshire seats, and is a very large, grim, imposing-looking building, more like an ancient fortress than a comparatively modern building.

In plan, Alton forms three sides of an oblong square. The grand entrance is on the east side, reached by a drive which passes across a gently sloping lawn from the house down to the lake. It then sweeps up to the right, and, passing on its right the old draw-bridge and moat, continues under the Shot Tower—erected at the time of the Chartist Riots—and between high walls—also for defence—up to the great doors. These are guarded by stone sentinel Talbot war-dogs, sitting on end, holding shields before them. Through the great doors, carriages used to pass, driving actually into the house for a hundred yards. The walls were then covered with beautiful old armour, now no longer there. At the end of this passage is an octagon chamber, with a pillar in the centre, from which the groined ceiling sprung. It is lighted by lancet windows, filled with stained glass, the room resembling the Chapter House of a Cathedral. There are some seventy bedrooms in the house, most of them being very highly decorated.

One of the old lead-pipe heads at Alton

The grounds are kept in splendid order, though, perhaps, not on quite so large a scale as formerly. Alton Towers, as it is called, has many towers—hence the name—some are square, some are round, whilst others are hexagon-shaped. The first glimpse of it is most impressive, as it stands high above one, with its castellated front, its huge towers, and endless windows.

LEONARD WILLOUGHBY.

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

The Talbot Gallery (80 yards in length), filled with splendid paintings

A Seat of the

A Glimpse of the House

Through the Grounds

Sykes

ALTON

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(For account of Alton T

TOWERS

Earl of Shrewsbury.

Tower

A Pergola of Yews

nd Entrance
lbot Dogs

The Drawbridge and Moat

Leonard Willoughby

wers, see previous page)

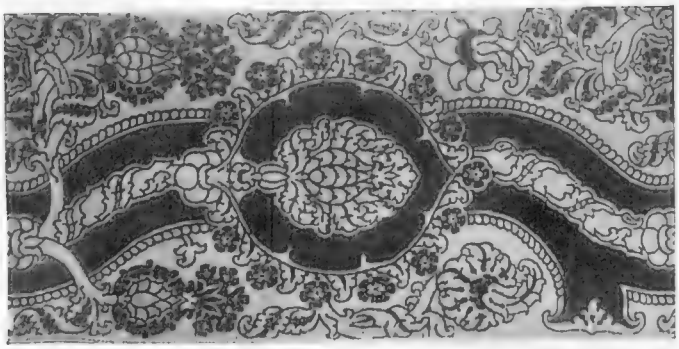
The Connoisseur.

SOME SPANISH ANTIQUES

The immense wealth and vast victories of old Spain, although dissipated and forgotten in the long wars of succession, are recalled by the store of antique treasures which still remains in the country of a thousand heroes. As one would anticipate with so devoutly Catholic a people, the old homes of the many religious bodies that cover the land even now contain quantities of specimens of applied art which the world finds hard to equal. Of such a character is much of the sixteenth-century decoration now remaining in the old convents.

Two Columns by Birogeta

The two columns, for example, of which we give photographs, are by the famous carver, Birogeta, whose elaborate and delicate masterpieces decorated many of the more important convents. On the first column is shown a medallion of a man and woman, probably portraits of the donor and his wife. The grace and lively qualities of the figures in bold relief does not show to advantage in the photographs, which reduce a 14-feet column to a few inches. But the originals are now on exhibition at the Spanish Gallery in Conduit Street, where there are also many highly interesting pieces of old Spanish art. Among them are examples of antique decorative materials used in churches and the religious houses. One of the finest designs of this character is the fifteenth-century Gothic piece of stamped velvet, with back of gold. Age has not withered an iota of its magnificent texture, colour, or surface, nor custom staled the infinite variety of its bold and rich design.



Column by Birogeta

Of carved wood (14 ft. in height), showing medallion of man and woman, probably portraits of the donor and his wife

Fine picture of fifteenth-century Gallic material

Used for church decoration. This material was recently obtained from a Spanish convent

Column by Birogeta

On view at the Spanish Gallery in Conduit Street

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 16.

OTHER TIMES, OTHER—MORALS

By CHARLES MARRIOTT

(*Author of "The Column," "Love with Honour," "Genevra," "Mrs. Alemere's Elopement," etc.*)

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—*Chesterfield.*

"DO have another kidney, Harold; they're so nice," said Mrs. Pontifex, holding the little silver dish insinuatingly under her husband's nose. He looked up from the letter he was reading.

"A—um—well, d'you know, I rather think I will," he said, and helped himself to the savoury morsel, while his wife leaned one hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"From the Canon, dear?" she asked, softening her voice reverently as she glanced at the crested notepaper in his hand.

"Yes, my love," said Pontifex, pushing away the dish with a vague movement, while keeping his eyes fixed on the letter.

Mrs. Pontifex kissed the tiny bald spot on the top of her husband's head. He winced a little, and put up his disengaged hand as if to arrange his hair over the place. His wife, moving noiselessly over the thick carpet, sat down behind the elaborately appointed coffee tray.

"Won't you read it to me, Doodlums?" she asked, calling him by his pet name, over her cup.

"Er—yes, if you like," he said, with a little deprecating laugh.

"'My dear Mr Pontifex,'" he read aloud, "'I could not rest content with a merely verbal expression of my gratitude for your extreme generosity in giving your services to the Bazaar in aid of our new Clergy House. Not often do the inhabitants of a remote country parish have the opportunity of hearing the masterpieces of English literature interpreted by one of the foremost dramatic artists of the day. Our little entertainments are *always* well supported by what poor local talent we possess, and I am of the opinion that the *intention*'—er—um—yes . . . 'It would be presumptuous of me to say more than how *deeply* I enjoyed your recitations—particularly "Unto This Last" with organ accompaniment. I, for one, am not ashamed to say that at the conclusion of the piece my eyes were not innocent of tears. One seemed to almost hear through the open Gates a waft of that angelic music which'—er—h'm. 'But, if you will not deem it an impertinence, I wish now to thank you for a more *personal* matter. I speak not for myself alone, but for countless numbers, thank God, who cannot view without grief and alarm the social degeneration so rife in our midst'—er—'It is, I say, a blessing and a comfort to realise that even in these days there is, at least, one man standing in the public eye who, nevertheless, both in his Art and in his *Life*, rallies to the banner of the old Faith, and, despite the sneers of "Society" (save the mark!), bears witness to the sanctity of the *English Home*. Trusting that your dear wife, to whom commend me, was none the worse for her cold journey back to London, yours very sincerely, Herbert Langley Saunders.'"

"What a *very* nice letter, Harold," said Mrs. Pontifex, with tears in her eyes.

There was a reason for her emotion beyond the actual words of the Canon's letter. During the early days of their married life, when Pontifex was a touring actor, he had not shown that enthusiasm for the sanctity of the English home which so impressed his present correspondent. He complained that his wife was unsympathetic; she retorted that it was difficult to keep a blind faith in the sacred cause of art when a considerable portion of the artist's earnings were devoted to the entertainment of his colleagues—male and female—while she herself needed a new pair of boots. For some years the Pontifexs did not live together. Then, almost by accident, Pontifex hit upon his peculiar talent as an interpreter of what might be called "Pieces with a strong Domestic and Religious Flavour." Success followed, and the Pontifexs were not the first couple to discover that compatibility of temperament depends to a considerable degree on material circumstances. So they came together again, and, with regular meals, his more exalted aspirations died away, while her faith in him and in art was supported by a steadily increasing balance at the bankers. They had now lived for six years in a charming little house at Wimbledon. Besides fulfilling numerous and lucrative engagements, Pontifex was co-director, with a celebrated actor-manager, of a Dramatic Studio in Sloane Street.

For a few minutes they continued their breakfast in silence. Pontifex was a tall, romantic-looking man of about thirty-five, with wavy black hair and moustache, and melancholy brown eyes. Though he was not too stout, his figure gave the impression of being retained only by the strenuous use of mechanical devices, and his white face had the

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peculiar opacity which comes from habitual good living. He was eminently well-larded. Mrs Pontifex was the type of woman one calls a sensible little body. She had long outgrown the early romanticism which rapt her from a country parsonage to share the life of a struggling actor, and it is probable that the bald spot on the top of her husband's head, that signal of surrender to the sobering advance of years, was more precious to her than all his talent.

While consuming his meal with slow enjoyment, Pontifex continued to open and read his letters. There was a little bundle of Press-cuttings, mounted on pale-green paper, in an orange wrapper; an invitation to speak at the forthcoming Church Congress on "The Influence of the Drama"; a request for an interview from the *Ingle-Nook*; two applications for the prospectus of the Studio; a letter from a Countess asking his terms for an Evening, "you'll forgive these business details, my dear Mr. Pontifex"—and, last of all, a small envelope with black edges, addressed in a hand he seemed to remember.

The enclosed letter began without preliminaries, and ran: "As you will see, I am in London. Will you meet me at Charing Cross by the bookstall where the boat-train starts, at half-past one on Thursday? I have something important to tell you. —Muriel Image."

Pontifex remembered Muriel Image very well. She belonged to the struggling days—only six years ago—when he employed his too frequent intervals of "resting" by teaching elocution. To Muriel Image he had poured out the aspirations of his fiery soul, the story of his unhappy life with a woman who did not appreciate his genius, and Muriel, at least, had—sympathised. But not to the extent his passionate nature then demanded. For some scruple she had remained firm against his pleading, though she admitted that she loved him.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Pontifex rather anxiously.

"Only a begging letter," he replied, adding, with commendable ingenuity, "from one of the old boys who is down on his luck."

"Is it anything you can do?" said his wife, perhaps a little coldly.

"I must think it over," he said, passing his plump white hand over his brow. "The moment one achieves a little hollow fame there are so many calls on one's purse," he added with a sigh.

"Dear Harold," said she, "you are generous to a fault."

Pontifex gathered up his letters and retired to his warm and luxuriously furnished study. On the walls, between the books, there were engravings after Sir Noel Paton, and enlarged photographs of scenes from *The Sign of the Cross*.

He was very grateful now for Muriel Image's scruple, but still he felt rather uncomfortable. Addressed through his old agent, the letter had reached him considerably later than the writer intended, and to-day was already Thursday. There was no time to reply, and Pontifex did not like to ignore it altogether. He did not particularly want to see Muriel Image again, but his naturally kind heart could not bear the thought of her waiting in the cold station, only to be disappointed in the end. This was his morning at the Studio, where he took lunch, and with a slight sacrifice of comfort he could easily get to Charing Cross by half-past one. He wondered what Muriel wanted, and it speaks for his good-nature that the possibility of her communication being a "begging letter" after all, did not deter him from the meeting. Though, to be sure, it was unlike Muriel Image to ask help of him. She was gently born, and always more ready to give than to take.

Though, at the cost of his digestion, Pontifex reached the meeting-place two minutes before the half-hour, Muriel Image was there already.

She came forward, a tall, graceful girl in mourning, pale to the lips with excitement, but with a passionate look of welcome in her dark eyes, moist with happy tears.

"Harold!" she said, holding out both her hands.

After this interval of time, his name sounded improperly familiar on her lips, and he rather stiffly gave her his hand, from which he had forgotten to remove the thick, lined glove.

"Well, Muriel," he said, in a tone and with a smile that he fancied paternal.

He mentally calculated that she must be now thirty-one. She did not look her age, however, so eager were her eyes, so spirited her movements. She had a rather long, oval face, with full but firm lips, and a slightly prominent chin; the face of a woman who would take her own way with life. He observed with relief that she was comfortably, even well dressed, and that she looked properly fed. While they stood smiling nervously at each other, he felt that he ought to make some reference to her mourning. As if she had read his thoughts, she said, in a low voice:—

"My mother died six weeks ago; so that I——" She did not finish the sentence, but coloured deeply.

"I'm so sorry," murmured Pontifex—and he was. He remembered her scruple now.

"It is not for myself, dear," she had said, when he begged her to share his life, "I've no silly prejudices. But my mother has quite conventional ideas, and—anything of that sort—would break her heart."

"Well," he said, now, looking nervously round the platform, sufficien'y deserted to make them a mark for curious observers, "shall we go somewhere out of the cold?"

"Oh, but have we time?" she said, glancing up at the clock and away with embarrassment.

"Just as you like," he said, in no desire to prolong the interview unnecessarily. There was an awkward silence, and he wondered how he could remind her of the important news she spoke of in her note.

"Would you mind taking care of my satchel?" she asked, with a nervous laugh, "I've—I've got rather a lot of money with me and somebody might snatch——"

"Oh, certainly," he said, and took the dainty bag from her hand. She trembled and caught her breath as their fingers met.

"You're looking very well," she said, a little regretfully.

"Oh, I'm well enough," he admitted, with a sigh.

She trembled and caught her breath

DRAWN BY C. H. TAFFS *TO ILLUSTRATE OUR WORLDLY STORY*

"She is still ——?"

"I'm still married," he said gravely; adding with imperfect regard for lucidity, "in name only."

She understood him, however.

"You make me very glad," she murmured, laying her hand for a moment on his arm.

"Do I?" he murmured.

"Dear, caged eagle! Of course, I've heard of your success. It's not — quite — what I expected. But," she said with a little appreciative chuckle, "how well you do it! I often think that if these solemn Philistines could look into your heart! Well, I suppose it has to be done?"

"One must live," he said gloomily, "and fulfil one's obligations."

"She is extravagant?" she asked, flushing angrily.

"Oh, well," he replied tolerantly, "one gets the luck one deserves."

"Do you ever see her?" she muttered.

He nodded sadly.

"Sometimes."

"How awful, Harold!"

"Do you remember what you said, Muriel?" he murmured, fixing his melancholy eyes upon her. "'Keep your soul, but render unto Cæsar'? I keep my soul."

"And the other—how far do you render unto Cæsar?" she asked him nervously.

"We avoid scandals."

"That you should have to pay so dearly for a boyish blunder—oh!" she murmured impatiently.

"Come," he said, with a hoarse note in his voice, "tell me about yourself. Are you in the profession?"

"I was a rank failure," she said, with a laugh. "Then I went to Germany. I took a situation with some people who wanted a companion. I had to read aloud—I owed that to you, Harold. I was not unhappy there. When my mother became very ill, I was telegraphed for—I was just in time. . . . Now, I'm comparatively—there will be no need for me to go back to Germany."

They walked a few steps in silence.

"Properly invested, I trust?" he said absent-mindedly.

"Oh, Harold, how funny and grown-up you are!" she said, laughing, in spite of her emotion. "Do you remember how you said you would sing in the street for me?"

"I would have done more than that, Muriel," he said, in that crooning, emotional voice which thrilled the bosoms of peeress and parlourmaid. In spite of his strong disapproval of the conversation, his temperament could not resist the revival of an almost forgotten mood.

"I was cruel to you, Harold," she said faintly, "but, indeed, there was a reason——"

"You were always my good angel," he stoutly assured her, "you gave me strength and courage, you made me a better man. You taught me to conquer my selfish desires, to be true to my better self. Your teaching is not forgotten, Muriel."

She looked, perhaps, not so gratified as she might have been.

"I was rather given to preaching in those days," she said, rather acidly. "One learns; one gets a clearer idea of the things that are essential to happiness. And circumstances change. . . . Do you remember," she continued, quickening her pace, "how you used to talk about what we would do if—How we would tramp about the Continent, you with your little bundle, I with my fiddle, the open road before us, the loaf of bread, the drink of fresh water from the running brook——"

"Yes, yes, I remember," he said, with an involuntary shiver. "Are you sure you won't take cold?" he stammered, stopping half-way in the act of turning up his overcoat collar.

"No, no," she said, shaking her head excitedly. "Well—that was what we said. But the loaf of bread was, perhaps, only figurative—there might be a little butter, and——" she laughed nervously and bit her lip.

"It is those dreams that have kept me going," he said, with deep feeling, "and the knowledge that—somewhere—you were dreaming too. I did not write; it would have spoiled the perfect confidence, the mysterious identity. I have come to feel now, Muriel, what you told me then—that the finest thing of all is the union of the spirit, the—how shall I put it?—the true marriage of souls——"

"Yes?" she said, rather disconsolately.

"——Which is independent of proximity," he said, and thought it a fine conclusion.

They were silent for a little while. She slackened her pace, and the light was gone out of her eyes.

"But it is the pitiful waste of power," she broke out abruptly, "the constant irritation, the slights, the indignities, the selfish complaining."

"One mustn't whine," he said. "Please God, I shall win through," he added solemnly.

"But you don't truckle, you don't make foolish concessions?"

"Did I not say that I keep my soul?" he said proudly.

"You said in your note," he presently reminded her, "that you had something important——"

"Oh, did I?" she said absent-mindedly, "I wrote in a hurry, I was very anxious to—to see you."

During the last quarter of an hour there had been a gradual invasion of the platform. People carrying bags and travelling-rugs were swarming down the stairs. He remarked on the number of foreign-looking faces.

"The boat-train at 2.20," she reminded him, "to Folkestone. One gets to Paris about a quarter-past nine, that is——" she broke off, and swung round to stare at the bookstall.

For perhaps ten seconds Pontifex forgot his unique position as a pillar of Pure Art and the English Home. He knew now why Muriel Image had asked him to meet her by the bookstall where the trains leave for the Continent. He could hear her quick, uncertain breathing, and a faint echo of his old passion for her came back to him. Never, even in the old days when, half inclined to yield, she had desperately fought against her own heart and his urgency, had she looked more alluring than now, with readiness in every fibre of her body. For ten seconds he was on the edge of one of those mad actions of the sober-living man which, periodically, startle the undiscerning. He had only to say one word—— But the tide of use and wont swung back again: he

(*Continued on page 642*)

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Ellen Terry

Who is to celebrate her stage jubilee on April 28. Just fifty years ago, as a little girl, she walked on the stage of the Princess's Theatre in Charles Kean's production of *The Winter's Tale*. A movement is now on foot to make this celebration an international affair fitting the genius of an actress whose name is a by-word in so many countries

C. R. SYKES.

(*Continued from page 640*)

thought of the snug little house at Wimbledon, the comfortable give-and-take of his present married life, the easy fame, the genial popularity.

"Where are you living now?" he asked, dully.

She looked embarrassed.

"I—I have no plans," she said evasively. "My mother's house, at Chislehurst, is on my hands till March. I spent the last few days with some friends at Fulham. I—may go back to them; I mean they've asked me to stay a little longer."

"Haven't you decided where you're going to live?"

"Oh, anywhere," she said, impatiently. "I don't want to tie myself down. I may go back to Germany—the people would be glad."

"I would ask you to come and see me sometimes," he said, "only——"

She glanced at him sideways, and, he fancied, ironically.

"But that would be selfish," he hurried on; "I can go on as I have done, alone, unhelped, except by the knowledge that——"

"We musn't spoil the true marriage of souls, Harold," she said, softly.

The bustle on the platform increased Pontifex looked at the clock; it was a quarter past two.

"Must you go?" she said, in a conventional tone.

He muttered something about an engagement, adding, "Can I get you a cab?"

"Oh no, thanks, I've got some things in the cloak-room," she said, blushing, in painful confusion, "and I'd like to see this train go. I'm always interested in people going abroad; they look so happy, as if they were beginning a new life. Besides, I ought to say good-bye to somebody."

He looked at her inquiringly.

"I think," she said, in a dreadful tone, and turning away her head, "I think he is called—Hope. By the way," she added briskly, "I musn't forget my bag! All my worldly wealth is in it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," he muttered, apologetically, as he gave her the bag. Under cover of the little embarrassed laugh at his forgetfulness, she managed to say good-bye.

When he reached the head of the stairs, he looked down on the platform. Her back was towards him, and she was waving her hand to the departing train.

. . . . . .

When the eagle returned to his cage, a bright fire burned in the drawing-room, and there were muffins in the fender.

"Oh, here you are, Doodlums," said Mrs. Pontifex, laying down her embroidery; "come and have some tea and warm yourself. Here are your slippers."

He sat down wearily in the thickly padded arm-chair.

"You've just missed dear old Lady Hitcham," said his wife, handing him the muffins. "She came to ask you about a Christmas party for her grandchildren. She thought perhaps that funny little thing of your own about the Bobo and the Garraway——"

Pontifex viciously stirred the fire.

"That tiresome old Studio wears you out," said his wife, eyeing him anxiously. "Why don't you give it up?"

He murmured something about his duty to the younger generation of talent.

"Well," she said, "I'm very glad you've no engagements to-night. We'll have a cosy evening all to our two selves. I've arranged a nice little dinner, and told Martha to get up some of the Roby claret—I'm sure you may indulge for once in a way. We'll go to bed nice and early—and, I don't think I should get up for Early Service if I were you, Harold."

Something in his face attracted her attention.

"Now, Doodlums!" she said, with sudden illumination, and shaking her plump forefinger at him, "you've been bothering about that wretched man who wrote to you for help. I know you have!"

"One can't disregard one's obligations to less fortunate fellows," he mumbled.

"Was it *very* sad, then?" said Mrs. Pontifex, patting his head.

"A very distressing case," said Pontifex, helping himself to another muffin.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

Pride **Defiance** **Suspicion** **Melancholy** **Disdain**

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS

This quintette of bull-dogs, showing such a variety of expressions, is the property of Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, the proprietor of *Foreign Finance*

A Statuesque Stage Poppæa

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Constance Collier

As the Emperor's wife in Mr. Tree's production of *Nero*, which is drawing such large audiences to His Majesty's Theatre

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Lord Southampton and the Grafton Hunt

A Master of Foxhounds is usually credited with possessing the powers of supreme control in his own country, but with subscription packs the highest authority of all is vested, of course, in the Hunt Committee, which in all matters directly affecting the welfare of the pack is expected to act as much in unison with the M.F.H as possible. But when a difference of opinion arises between the two authorities, as has now occurred in the Grafton country, the results are much to be deplored. The members of the Grafton Hunt Committee arrived at the opinion that Lord Southampton was not doing full justice to the country in his dual capacity of Master and huntsman, and, without in any way consulting him on the subject, they passed a resolution at one of their meetings requesting him to engage a professional huntsman. His lordship not unnaturally protested against this method of passing what practically amounted to a vote of censure, and it can be stated with confidence that the general opinion of the hunting world is that the Master was not quite fairly treated. Even in the Grafton country the action of the Hunt Committee has been roundly condemned, and the meeting which Lord Southampton called at once to discuss the unpleasant situation was wholly in sympathy with the Master. It was mainly because of the hearty goodwill shown towards him by the great majority of those interested that Lord Southampton consented to take a few days in which to reconsider his decision to give up the Mastership.

Photo.] **Lord Southampton (on the right)** *[Topical*
Whose difficulties in the Grafton country are referred to in the accompanying article

The Master's High Reputation

Had Lord Southampton been a youthful M.F.H., with no experience behind him and a mistaken idea of his own capacity for managing hounds in the field, one might have understood the peremptory way in which the Hunt Committee demanded a change of plans. Instead of this, Lord Southampton long since won his spurs in the Woodland Pytchley country as Master and huntsman, and his two seasons with that pack gained for him the reputation of being, perhaps, the best amateur huntsman in the kingdom. So generally were his abilities recognised that when he consented to succeed his brother-in-law, the Hon. E. Douglas-Pennant, in the Mastership of the Grafton, the members of that Hunt were widely congratulated upon their luck in having secured a leader of exceptional qualities. Lord Southampton is closely associated with the Grafton in many ways, for his sister is married to the former M.F.H., Mr. Douglas-Pennant, while his father was Master of this pack from 1842 to 1861. Lady Southampton is a very keen sportswoman, and rides remarkably well to hounds, but this is naturally expected of a daughter of the Marquis of Zetland, who still hunts his pack of foxhounds in Yorkshire. Unfortunately, Lady Southampton has not been able to ride since the 10th inst., when she dislocated her knee-cap through a fall while hunting.

Americans in the Hunting Field

Under this title, Miss Lilian E. Bland sends the interesting photograph appearing on the next page, accompanying it with the request of the rider that his name should not be mentioned. The photograph, it may be stated, was taken in the Pytchley country, where Lord Annaly has shown very fair sport this season, and where several American sportsmen have been hunting. Indeed, the Shires attract a large number of Americans every season, and the Meath Hounds also claim more than a few Transatlantic supporters. There are a good many packs of foxhounds in the United States, and several of them, notably the Meadowbrook, are turned out in first-class style; but not even the most patriotic Yankee would compare the native sport with that which is shown by the Quorn, Cottesmore, Pytchley, or the Meath Hounds. The majority of Americans hunting in England and Ireland buy their horses in this country, but a few of them bring mounts from America, which can be done at a cost of about £10 per head. The good American hunter is by no means a bad sort of horse, generally having plenty of thoroughbred blood in him. He is well-trained over timber at home, and the English five-barred gate has not, as a rule, any great terrors for him.

A. W. C.

A "Timber Topper"

An American Sportsman in the Hunting Field: An incident in the Pytchley country

The Shires attract a large number of Americans every season. The majority of them buy their horses in this country, but a few of them bring mounts from America, the shipment of which costs £10 per head

Conscription or a Citizen Army?

LORD ROBERTS AND THE PROPOSED NATIONAL RIFLE CLUBS

What has, to the mind of the average man, gone farthest to spoil Lord Roberts's eloquent cry of the English for "*Aux armes, citoyens!*" is the association of his admirable plea for a "nation of riflemen" with the repugnant hint of conscription. It will be remembered that the Field-Marshal said that, "in case of invasion, every Briton should be liable to serve in person against the enemy, and that *that obligation ought to be recognised and enforced by law.*" The idea of a voluntary "nation of riflemen" has been generally accepted, but the compulsory clause has the nature of a contradiction. As was proved during the Boer War, it is only necessary for the hint to go forth that a fringe of the King's dominions is in danger, for a civilian army, equal in numbers and spirit, if not in training, to all requirements, to come into being as by magic. How much more so would this be the case were the danger to our own beloved realm, to our hearths and homes? If we yelled fiercely "Hands off Natal" six years ago to a Boer foe, what would not be the volume of the cry, "Hands off England" to whoever might threaten our shores! Why, a mere sense of self-preservation alone, a mere instinct to defend our own property, would arouse such an army of militant citizens as was only paralleled by the uprising of France to the strains of the "Marseillaise."

Lord Roberts opening a new rifle club range at Renter's Lane, Hendon, last week

The Hint of Conscription

The mere whisper, however, of the word "conscription," the bare thought of such an interference with personal liberty as it involves, is enough to shatter once for all this fond dream, and the veteran Field-Marshal had better have avoided it in his oratory. For it will be a poor England, indeed, that has to be forced to defend her own. Will it not mean that "her own" has ceased to be worth defending; and that, in spite of gloomy Protectionist oratory, we think, is not yet, nor is it likely to be in our time. Conscription were well enough as a weapon to force a nation to fight for mere aggrandisement, or extension of territory; it certainly is not necessary to compel a spirited nation to its own defence. Once let the danger threaten, and it is inconceivable that Englishmen would require any statute to call them to arms.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Lady Aileen Roberts firing the first shot, and getting a bull's-eye

The Real Solution

The right note, however, was struck when Lord Roberts said that "in order to take any useful part against the highly organised troops of other nations a man must be able to use his rifle with skill." King Edward III., Bishop Latimer, and now Lord Roberts, all with the same subject uppermost in their thoughts, alike warned and implored their fellow countrymen to take heed, all pointed out in clear and unmistakable language the vital necessity to the nation of cultivating the art of shooting! Surely, such facts as these must give us food for reflection. The inestimable value of good shooting is fully appreciated in countries other than our own. Mr. Elihu Root, the late American Secretary for War, spoke straight to the point on this subject when he said: "I know of nothing more important in the way of preparation for war than teaching the young men of the country to shoot straight. The time for that instruction is now."

Increase in Rifle Clubs

The report of the National Rifle Association tells us that there is a steady increase in the formation of rifle clubs, and a more than corresponding demand for the use of ranges for practice and class-firing. So far that is satisfactory, but it is not sufficient; by all and every means it clearly behoves us to assist in the promotion of such measures as may place it within the power of every citizen to learn the use of the rifle. There are many means by which this desirable end may be attained, without great expenditure or undue interference with his domestic and business relations of life.

Lessons of the Boer War

The Boer War taught us lessons, salutary though bitter, with regard to the effect of rifle fire as delivered by men untrained as soldiers, but skilled in the art of shooting. The number of our regular forces hardly exceeds that which is required to garrison and defend our dependencies and the more distant portions of the Empire, but the number of male citizens of these islands is such, that if the greater portion of them were accustomed to the use of the rifle, we might rest for ever safe from all fear of invasion. Strategy may place the units composing an army in such a position that they hold the enemy at a disadvantage—the strategist may be ably seconded by the tactician. Troops may be well handled on the actual field of battle; but the final word will remain with the rifle and the hand that wields it.

RUSSIA'S PRISONERS IN JAPAN

The last of the captured Russians interned in Japan's ancient capital of Kyoto have now left that city. Our photograph below shows the prisoners' quarters at Tofukuji, a beautiful temple, and was taken just prior to the departure of the men, who thus leave Japan with an ineffaceable memory of her kindly hospitality and the beauty of her country. So strong was this feeling that, on their release, many of the prisoners desired to become naturalised Japanese and to remain in the country. To grant such a privilege, however, was not possible, and they left, with tears in their eyes, for Russia, "home," and—duty.

The last of the Russian prisoners in Japan

A group of late warriors in their beautiful quarters at Tofukuji, the grounds of an ancient temple, which they are sorry to leave

THE LIBRARY

Books to order this Week.

Miscellaneous

"Life of Sir Richard Burton." (2 vols.) By Thomas Wright. (Everett: 24s. net.)
"Sir Henry Irving." By Percy Fitzgerald. (Fisher Unwin.)
"The Parson's Outlook." By W. G. Edwards Rees. (Longmans: 5s. 6d. net.)

Fiction

"Uncle Peaceable." By Reginald Turner. (Greening: 6s.)
"The Mayor of Troy." By "Q." (Methuen: 6s.)
"Giant Circumstance." By John Oxenham. (Hodder: 6s.)
"Loaves and Fishes." By Bernard Capes. (Methuen: 6s.)

Whitewashing Burton

From the library catalogue point of view, Mr. Thomas Wright's *Life of Sir Richard Burton* (Everett: 2 vols., 24s. net) is admirable. For he has set before the gentle readers of the land a respectable Burton, a whitewashed character, of whom Mrs. Grundy need, really, not be ashamed, to whom, in fact, she has really been very uncharitable these fifty years. Though Mr. Wright loads his pages with anecdotes of Burton's escapades, his curious "inquiries," his disguises, and quotes, as faithfully as possible, his not very conventional opinions on the relations of vice and virtue, and thereby gives the reader a goodly taste of the man as we have heard of him, his great anxiety would seem to be that Burton should take his place in the gallery of Victorian worthies. We are invited to regard the Burton eccentricities as mere lapses in the career of quite a civic personality, who was well-born, properly educated, an officer in the Army, a British Consul, happily married, and, latterly, a K.C.M.G. Altogether, you see, a man quite fit for publication.

Sir Richard Burton as a Dervish

One of the many disguises affected by the remarkable traveller whose life, by Mr. Thomas Wright, is now published by Everett and Co.

"Ruffian Dick"

> Burton . . . . was no voluptuary. Towering ambition, enthusiasm, and passion for hard work, trampled down all meaner instincts. Languages, not *amours*, were his aspiration. . . . Indeed, he was of a cold nature. . . . A kind-hearted man who detested cruelty to animals, nevertheless he delighted in the sport of cocking; an ambitious man who wore himself out with his studies, yet he neutralized all his efforts to rise by giving way to an ungovernable temper. . . . In the words of one of his friends, he had the eye of an angel, the jaw of a devil.

If Mr. Wright deals faithfully with Burton's escapades, his visit to Mecca, and his countless disguises, he loves, also, to record his returns to civilised life:

> One evening soon after his return from Mecca, a party of officers, including a friend of Burton's named Hawkins, were lounging outside Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo. As they sat talking and smoking, there passed repeatedly in front of them an Arab, in his loose flowing robes, with head proudly erect, and the peculiar swinging stride of those sons of the desert. As he strode backwards and forwards he drew nearer and nearer to the little knot of officers, till at last, as he swept by, the flying folds of his burnous brushed against one of the officers. "D—— that nigger's impudence!" said the officer, "if he does that again, I'll kick him." To his surprise the dignified Arab suddenly halted, wheeled round, and exclaimed, "Well, d—— it, Hawkins, that's a fine way to welcome a fellow after two years' absence." "It's Ruffian Dick," cried the astonished officer.

Half the stories about Burton's bad character were due to his "delight in shocking."

> "Now, Burton," inquired a Dr. Bird, of Welbeck Street, with whom he was dining, "tell me how you feel when you have killed a man?"
>
> "Quite jolly, doctor! How do you?"

Sir Richard, seen through these spectacles, therefore, becomes almost a drawing-room character, and I don't know that there is anything in Mr. Wright's book that is unsuitable for reading in the schoolroom of either the youth or the maiden. Whether, however, it is good for the ultimate fame of Burton's name that he should be whitewashed, and robbed of the glamour of wickedness, is another matter. Methinks the shade of the splendid scapegrace will have no more reason to thank his apologist than Satan has to thank Miss Corelli for converting him, in one of her novels, into a hornless, hoofless sorrower in a dress-suit.

The American School of Poetry

Justice is to be done, in the eyes of the British reader, to the American school of poetry. The works of the greatest poets over the water—Bryant, Poe, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Whitman, and Lanier—are to be published together by Messrs. Constable—under the title of "The Chief American Poets," by Curtis Hidden Page. Hitherto, American verse has been ranked as a "sort of English poetry." Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and others, have been classified with the minor muse of our own country, which is scarcely fair, for, taken collectively,

there is sufficient of the distinctive American idiom — certainly in the case of Whitman — to entitle our cousins to claim their poetry as a school of itself. Without going so far as the late Oscar Wilde, who said that "England and America have everything in common—save language," the fact remains that so vast is the number of Americanisms—my dictionary of them is five inches thick—that, to all literary intents and purposes, theirs is a language distinct from ours, and their writers and poets, therefore, no more British than they are French or German.

An Inconsequent Novel

Mr. Reginald Turner has achieved in his seventh novel what many an author fails to achieve in his seventieth—a complete inconsequence, an entire triviality. In *Uncle Peaceable* (Greening: 6*s.*) there is not one serious circumstance. Even the main factor in the plot—*i.e.* that Miriam Leighton is in love with George Burgess, and wants to marry him — is not serious, for nobody on earth particularly wants to stop her doing so. The story is made up, largely, of the qualifications imposed on the match by her Uncle Peaceable, a nice, kind old gentleman, with an overwhelming love of peace, political and domestic, who thinks it would be wise if his niece could meet various other young men, just to make sure that she could not do better than George. Of course she could not—she knew that all along—but, still, the process of enlarging her knowledge of the sex by various prepared meetings with other young men provides Mr. Turner with the opportunity of introducing us to some amusing and curious people. There is, by the way, a Scotsman in the book who claims Napoleon for his country. He insisted that the man's name was Mac Poleon!

Ben Jonson's "Breeches" Bible

Which is to be sold at Sotheby's on the 30th inst.

Ben Jonson's Bible

One of the most interesting bibles in existence will be up for sale at Messrs. Sotheby's, on Friday, the 30th inst.—interesting for two reasons; the one, that it is a "breeches" bible of 1599; the other, that it was the property of Ben Jonson, and contains his autograph signature and some inscriptions. It will be interesting to know what the curio will fetch. The other bookshelf tit-bit of the week was the unintentional sale—for sixpence of a book worth £1,000—the first edition of Lady Anne Hamilton's *Secret History of the Court of England.*

"Q's" Latest "Troy" Tale

The Troy of Mr. Quiller-Couch's newest book, *The Mayor of Troy* (Methuen: 6*s.*), is a bellicose Troy. We now know "Q's" favourite Cornish village in the days of the French war, opening, in 1803, with George III.'s declaration that the Treaty of Amiens was "waste paper," and ending with the glories of the Peace of 1814. Troy's attitude towards the French is one of historic hatred. As "Uncle Issy," one of the Troy Volunteers, puts it:—

> Us poor subject fellows have got to hate Bonyparty with all our heart, and with all our mind, and with all our soul, and with all our strength, for richer, for poorer, till death us do part.

The greatest of the Trojan haters, however, is the Mayor, Solomon Hymen, who combines that office with the command of the Troy Volunteer Artillery. Doughty deeds does he do, in the early chapters of the book, in arranging sham fights to prepare his gallant corps, but little thinks he—or the reader—that he, Solomon Hymen, the great, the pompous, the universally respected, will be called on literally to fight the foe in the capacity of an able seaman on H.M.S. *Poseidon*, to which service he is "press-ganged" while witnessing a nautical melodrama in a Plymouth theatre, the whole of the members of the company of which are also kidnapped as a result of an intoxicated whim of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence. Funny is this scene to the verge of hysteria, but it ceases to be funny and draws some teardrops when the luckless Mayor is carried off to the war, is captured by the French, and given up for dead by his sorrowing Trojans, who prove his will, and build a hospital and monuments to his glorious memory. The Mayor comes back, ten years after, *with* a wooden leg, and is not merely unrecognised as himself, but is forcibly seized to impersonate "Bonyparty" in effigy for Troy's peace-rejoicings! As a final stroke, Solomon is appointed by his townsmen to be Curator to the Museum erected to his own memory, and to tell, as truths, to visitors from afar, lying tit-bits from his own obituary. *The Mayor of Troy*, in short, with its sustained merriment, its farcical humours, and its wee touch of pathos, stands out in relief as one of the best novels of the year.

VIVIAN CARTER.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Nisbet's Golf Year-Book, 1906 (J. Nisbet and Co.)

Our friend the *Golfers' Year-Book*, which made such a brilliant début last year, has come to us this year with a new name. The publishers have rightly thought that it would redound to their credit if they linked their name to this admirable publication. The book has been again edited by Mr. John Low, and his name is a sufficient guarantee in itself for the literary part of the book, while nearly all the prominent players and golf writers have assisted in adding value to it by their contributions. A new and most excellent feature has been added this year in the shape of a careful and really admirable set of explanatory annotations to the rules by Mr. E. R. H. Blackwell and the editor. It is rather a melancholy thing that the rules of golf should require so much explanation, and the fact that they need this sort of minute annotation is another proof that they ought to be very much shortened and simplified if possible.

* * *

The Tangle of Golf Rules

As they stand, they are a regular tangle of difficulties for the interpreter, and all golfers will feel grateful to Messrs. Blackwell and Low for their luminous labours of exegesis. Perhaps, too, the Rules of Golf Committee, whose cases and decisions have been again printed, will find their work lightened, as perplexed players can now solve their difficulties by a reference to the Blackwell-Low notes. I was somewhat astonished to find that the rules bearing on the etiquette of golf once more form part of the Code. These rules first made their appearance in the '91 Code. They were then ten in number. In the '99 Code we got eleven rules of etiquette, but from that of 1902 they were, for some mysterious reason, omitted. In the amended edition of the 1902 Code, which was slightly altered as regards the casual-water rule, the etiquette of golf has been restored, this time to the tune of eight excellent little rules of proper conduct on the links both for players and onlookers. But how these etiquette rules came to disappear from, and reappear in, the 1902 Code is a puzzle to me. To the best of my recollection, there has been no mention of them in the agenda of any meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club since 1902. Nevertheless, I heartily welcome their return, and trust that they will continue to remain in the code of rules, whatever other alteration that monumental work may suffer. The two Championships are described in modest and clear style by the two winners, Mr. Barry and James Braid; while the ladies' event has ample justice done to it by Miss Mary Hezlet. Mr. Hilton, whose writing on the game it is always a pleasure to read, contributes two admirable articles, one describing the *News of the World* Tournament, in which I am glad to see he pays that splendid young golfer, Arthur Mitchell, a most handsome compliment; the other giving an account of the golf of the year.

Mr. C. C. Clarke

The well-known member of the "House" who, in the match Stock Exchange *v.* Cricketers last week, was defeated in the Singles by Dr. W. G. Grace

* * *

Useful "Miscellanea"

Among the "miscellanea" will be found heaps of most useful information, such as the history and regulations of the two Championships, the constitution of the Rules of Golf Committee, the length of the holes of the Championship courses, the rules governing the registration of clubs and the sale of intoxicating liquors, the public rights on commons, and many other items which cannot be found in a compendious form in any other book that I know of. The "Who's Who" has been much amplified both on its amateur and professional side, while the directory of golf clubs all over the world is larger than ever, and speaks eloquently for the spread of our beloved game. All this mass of necessary information can be acquired by the golfing seeker for knowledge for the modest sum of 3*s.* 6*d.* The *Golf Year-Book* has come to stay. As no critic is supposed to be worth his salt who finds no fault with a book which he has to review, I will again record my dislike of the binding of the *Year-Book*, which remains the same as it was last year, and which I do not consider worthy of such a valuable golfers' *vade mecum*.

Ernest Lehmann.

Inter-'Varsity Sports

OXFORD WIN A DECISIVE VICTORY BY SEVEN EVENTS TO THREE. FEATURES OF THE SPORTS THIS YEAR, APART FROM THE DISAGREEABLE WEATHER, WERE THE PERFORMANCES OF CORNWALLIS AND YOUNG, BOTH OF WHOM CARRIED OFF DOUBLE EVENTS. AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIFFERENT CONTESTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 654

K. G. McLeod (Camb.)
Winner of the One Hundred Yards. Time, 10 3-5th secs.

E. R. J. Hussey (Oxford)
Winner of the Hurdles. Time, 16½ secs.

K. Cornwallis (Oxford)
Winner of the Half-Mile (1 min. 56 2-5th secs.) and the Quarter-Mile (51 secs.)

N. F. Hallowes (Oxford)
Winner of the Three Miles. Time, 15 mins. 14 secs.

P. M. Young (Oxford)
Winner of the High Jump (5 ft. 7¼ in.) and the Long Jump (22 ft. 3 in.)

THE LONDON FOURSOME TOURNAMENT

OBJECT LESSONS ON THE WOKING COURSE IN DRIVING, APPROACHING, GETTING OUT OF BUNKERS, AND PUTTING

Braid plays a fine shot out of a bunker

Stephenson putting at the 11th hole

Braid driving. Note the finish

Mr. W. Herbert Fowler makes a short approach to the 13th hole

Mr. Fowler misses the ball

Mr. Fowler makes a clever recovery from an awkward lie

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Edited by H. S. SCRIVENER

Nice Loses its Leading Spirit

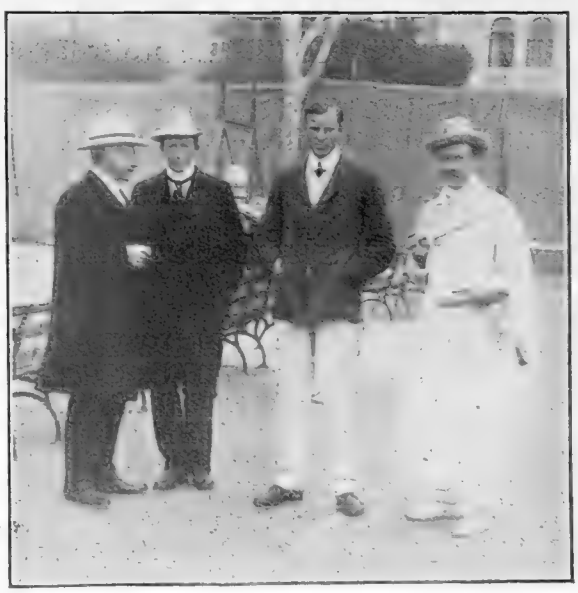
Even as Monte is mourning the destruction of the original site of its tournament, so, in like manner, Nice, the home of the most important and best-managed of the Riviera meetings, is oppressed by the thought that next year it will sustain an equally irreparable loss; for the tournament recently concluded will be the last of a long series held under the able supervision of Mr. A. G. Morganstern. Mr. Morganstern, an American who has resided for many years in Nice, is shortly returning to the States, and there can be no doubt that it will be a matter of extreme difficulty to replace him.

Mlle. Van Hoobruuck

One of the youngest lady competitors at the South of France Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting, Nice

Gore and Caridia Fail to Come Off

Among the English competitors at Nice there were at least three new-comers of distinction—A. W. Gore, G. A. Caridia, and A. F. Wilding. Great things were expected of Gore and Caridia, but they failed to do themselves justice either singly or in combination. In the Doubles they were "tipped" for a place in the final, but, as it turned out, they went down to C. G. Allen and Wilding, whom they encountered, somewhat unluckily, in the first round. The new combination (the outcome of the disablement of E. R. Allen at Monte Carlo) proved a thoroughly capable one, banging away merrily up at the net and giving no quarter to the loose balls, of which there was a tolerably plentiful supply; but it was clear that both Gore and Caridia had not yet got used to the fierce sunlight, and were unable to time the ball with sufficient accuracy to make their dashing play effective. In the final, Wilding and his partner encountered H. L. Doherty and Eaves, and, though beaten, gave them quite a shake-up. The doughty "C. G." again performed prodigies of valour, though absolutely "blown" at the finish.



Interesting group at the Nice Lawn Tennis Meeting

Left to right: A. G. Morganstern (Hon. Sec.), M. J. G. Ritchie, A. F. Wilding, A. W. Gore

Doherty's Motto: J'y suis, J'y reste

In the Singles, Wilding achieved a notable performance by going through to the final without losing a set. He had both Gore and Ritchie to beat, but managed this quite comfortably, and in fact scored three love sets in the two matches. In the other half Doherty came through without even getting warm. The final was rather disappointing; for Wilding, the victim, as it appeared, of over-anxiety, did not extend the champion nearly as much as at Monte Carlo, and, except in the second set, Doherty was never really pushed for a game, although the match served to bring out his wonderful powers as a tactician. His victory entitles him to the permanent possession of the Cup—the third which he has won outright at Nice. The match which pleased the spectators most was the Mixed Double—Doherty and Countess Schulenburg *v.* Wilding and Miss Eastlake Smith. It provided delightful lawn tennis, and a finish as close as one could desire. Wilding and Miss Eastlake Smith wanted but two points to win, and the marvellous manner in which Doherty prevented their getting them afforded another good illustration of his peerless judgment and pertinacity. Miss Eastlake Smith was in irresistible form in the Ladies' Singles against Miss Ransome, but she could not quite last out a severe struggle with Miss Lowther in the final, to whom, consequently, the Cup went for the second time. At the finish of a match, characterised by much fine play, Miss Lowther looked as fresh as if she had just stepped into court.

GAMES AND PASTIMES (continued)

The 'Varsity Sports: Four Heroes

To K. G. MacLeod, to K. Cornwallis, to N. F. Hallowes, and to an unknown photographer, the drenched but fairly enthusiastic spectators at Queen's Club on Saturday afternoon owed most of their alleged enjoyment. MacLeod (Pembroke, Cambridge), by getting off very fast in the Hundred, gained a yard and a half's start; and though Denison (New College, Oxford) once got up to his shoulder, he was never quite caught, and gave Cambridge an event which most people thought would have gone the other way. He thus led some hopeful spirits to imagine that they were about to witness that always delightful spectacle—the confounding of the prophets. Then Cornwallis (University, Oxford) put up two grand races, and became the first man to win both the Half and the Quarter at the Sports. The Half was the prettiest race of the day: Cornwallis's fine stride won it for him, but quite as much praise is due to Sheepshanks (Keble), the Oxford second string, who ran with admirable judgment, and, letting Cornwallis through on the inside at the far corner, forced Crabbe (Trinity, Cambridge) to make his effort much too soon; consequently, though he went ahead for a few yards, his turn of speed was gone as soon as Cornwallis tackled him in the straight, and the big man came home an easy winner by six or seven yards in the good time (considering that it was raining heavily throughout the race) of 1 min. $56^{2}/_{5}$ secs. In the Quarter, Cornwallis had an easier task; he led into the straight by four yards, and though Ryle (Trinity, Cambridge) got up to within a yard, he never looked like catching him, and the Oxford President won comfortably in 51 seconds.

Oxford Win by 7—3

Hallowes (Keble, Oxford) was the third of the day's heroes; for he, too, brought off a surprise in the Three Miles. He led by twenty yards at the end of the second mile, but there were many who thought that Welsh (Trinity, Cambridge) would run him down at the finish. But the Light Blue only fell further behind, and Hallowes, with a very fast and strong finish, won by exactly 100 yards in 15 mins. 14 secs. He has a beautiful action, and runs very strongly; he will certainly improve on this time in future years under better weather conditions, and Oxford has at last found a really good three-miler. He ran in about the shortest "shorts" ever seen. Welsh was perceptibly tired in this race, and he might well have saved himself more in the Mile, which he won very comfortably from Schutt (B.N.C., Oxford). He has a beautifully easy action, and, running in excellent style, won in the very fine time of 4 mins. $21\frac{1}{5}$ secs. Schutt has a good stride, but bad body-form; he rolled terribly all through the last quarter of the race. The Hurdles, as usual, was a pretty race; but Hussey (Hertford, Oxford) led a little way over the first hurdle, and a long way over the last, and won, though nearly overhauled in the run in. No one fell—a marvel on the wet, slippery grass. Oxford took both the jumps; P. M. Young (Oriel) scoring a double event by winning the Long with 22 ft. 3 ins.—("Oh! doesn't that Mr. Or-ri-el jump nicely?" exclaimed an enthusiastic uninitiate)—and the High with 5 ft. $7\frac{1}{4}$ ins. He sat hard on the bar with the latter jump, but it did not come down. The herculean G. W. Lyttelton (Trinity, Cambridge) easily won the weight-putting, with 38 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ ins., the best put for twenty years, except when Coe, five years ago, made a meteoric descent upon our shores, put 43 ft., and disappeared again into the mysterious recesses of Pana, Ill. The hammer-throwers performed their customary gyrations, with the result that A. H. Fyffe (University, Oxford), after nearly killing a judge, who did not suspect his powers, with a no-throw, hurled his weapon 136 ft. 3 ins., and won for Oxford. Thus the Dark Blues won seven events to three, and got to within one of the total of Cambridge's victories in the series of University sports. It was a funny afternoon; it rained a great deal; it snowed a little; it was not windy, but it was rather dark. The instant that Hallowes broke the tape in the last race of the day, the sun, with quaint humour, came out, beamed brightly for about half a minute, and then retired permanently.

A Comic Interlude

But the photographer must not be forgotten. This intrepid person, having photographed the start of the Quarter, conceived the brilliant idea of also securing a picture of the finish. The problem set him, therefore, was to run one side of the course while the competitors were doing the other three. Amidst the cheers of the enraptured spectators, who paid little or no attention to the other runners, he sprinted up the fourth side; and though much hampered by his camera, and also by a habit of looking round to see where the others had got to, which seemed as if it must prove fatal, he arrived at the winning-post some four seconds before Cornwallis got home. Whether he got his shot in or no, he, at any rate, ran the race of his life, and got more cheers than anyone else all the afternoon. And yet we are said to take our sports seriously.

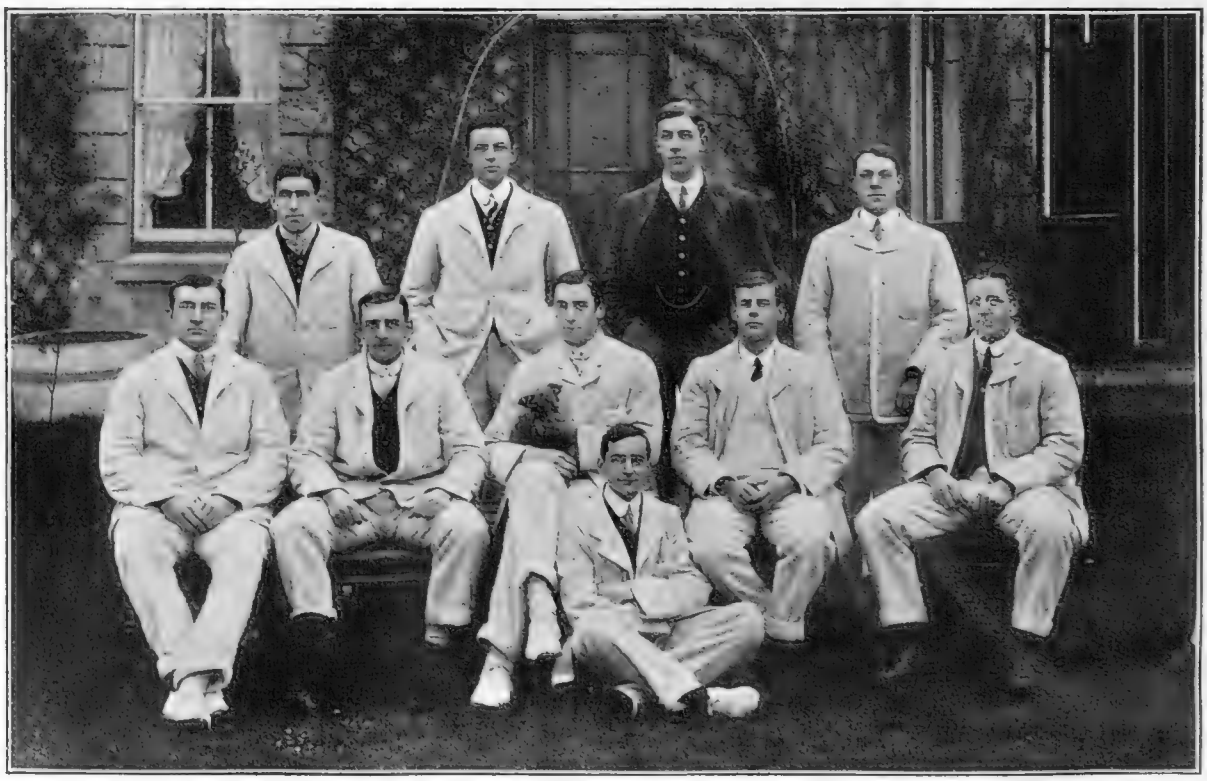
A Good Rugger Game

Both the Harlequins and the Old Leysians have shown such in-and-out form this season that there was nothing much to show which way their match on Saturday on the Old Leysians' ground would go. On the strength of their recent doings the Harlequins had, perhaps, the better chance, but on Saturday they were without six of their best forwards, and it was in this department of the game that they were finally outplayed, losing by 3 tries to 2 goals and 2 tries. The Old Leysians' pack was the more skilful of the two in the loose, and two of their tries were the result of forward rushes, while in the scrums they got the ball, after the first half hour or so, quite as often as their rivals. The Old Leysian defence, too, was remarkably sound. Pepper and Parkinson were both very smart; Oulton marked Birkett most successfully, and Rogers's fielding and kicking were very sure.

The Boat Race: The Two Crews

The Oxford Crew

BACK ROW *(left to right)*: M. Southwell (Magdalen), spare man; C. H. Illingworth (Pembroke); A. G. Kirby (Magdalen); G. M. Graham (New), bow; W. A. L. Fletcher, coach; J. Dewar (New)
SITTING DOWN: H. C. Bucknall (Merton), stroke; Sir John Edwards Moss (with whom the Crew are staying); E. P. Evans (University); L. E. Jones (Balliol); A. C. Gladstone (Christ Church)
L. P. Stedall (Merton), cox



The Cambridge Crew

BACK ROW *(left to right)*: J. H. F. Benham (Jesus); H. M. Goldsmith (Jesus); G. N. M. Bland, reserve; G. D. Cochrane (Third Trinity), bow
SITTING DOWN: M. Donaldson (First Trinity); B. C. Johnstone (Third Trinity); R. V. Powell (Third Trinity), president; D. C. R. Stuart (Trinity Hall), stroke; E. W. Powell (Third Trinity)
A. G. L. Hunt (Lady Margaret), cox

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

A belated reader of "The Champagne Standard," I would yet tender my heartiest thanks to Mrs. John Lane for a most enjoyable experience. That chapter on the extravagant economy of women is well worth reading. It so absolutely hits the right nail on the head throughout. As Mrs. John Lane infers, no wonder women have not learnt how to spend money, seeing how very few have any to spend without a previous consultation with, or an ultimate reprimand from, some masculine superior. It will take quite another generation of us to shake off the shackles of tradition, and disseminate the distorted belief that time and waste of energy are fitly repaid by the immediate saving of a few pence.

From observation, I am persuaded, every girl, ere she is allowed the free administration of a dress allowance, should be preached a sermon on the constituent parts of an extravagant economy. She should be taught to face with courage the disbursement of relatively large sums, and the heinousness of squandering a similar amount over a wide and transitory surface. For that is where economy in dress is so extravagant, and where the marked difference comes in between the girl or woman who strike the eye as systematically well dressed, and those who are only intermittently so.

The First Season's Show at Shoolbred's

From parasols to petticoats, the note of Spring is heralded at Tottenham House. "The sun was shining merrily, shining with all its might," the day I chanced to call to inspect the display, and urged my footsteps in the direction of parasols, there to find predictions verified as to the rumoured feeling for *chêne* silk. But such *chênes* as we have never seen before, specially woven—that goes without saying—for the purpose, with large, loosely tied posies of giant violets, Iceland poppies, or roses.

In shape and size, parasols are distinctly sensible this year, and, from the authority there, the information was forthcoming that lace-covered models are to run at exceptionally reasonable rates. The *lingerie* parasol, as this style has come to be called, is to be quite a vogue. There is nothing startlingly new in handles, except, perhaps, one of white wood, the head carved to the similitude of some bird and coloured to harmonise with the *moiré* covering.

Most admirable doings in the costume department have to be recorded, where special attention has been accorded ready-made skirts suitable to all occasions. There are silks and *crêpes-de-chine*, and silk voiles, hobnobbing with the most obvious knockabouts of tweed and serge. All are well cut and modelled in accordance with the latest decrees, and all are as cheap as is compatible with reliability, wherefor the house of Shoolbred is renowned.

A most amazingly productive corner is that devoted to made-up laces. Here the presiding genius has used particular acumen, and perceived the advisability of being just a little venturesome. Apart from its fashionable import, the serviceably decorative value of the little Empire bolero of lace is significantly insisted upon, together with certain exceedingly deep and graceful collars, which almost amount to capes. With either of these accessories, a pair of sleeves and high-draped belt or corselet would at once conclude a desirable summer bodice story. And talking of belts, there is positively no thought in that regard which is not represented at Shoolbred's.

The Rise of the Ruche

From afar I am proud to be able to record that I scented this ornamental adjunct, as applied to gowns. The ruched hat, let me mention *en passant*, has already passed over to the populace. For the thin fabrics of the near future, both large and little ruches will proclaim their decorative presence, while ruchettes of taffetas are utilised as the defining touch to half the little boleros of the moment. A further highly distinctive and interesting note is a narrow striped silk, used on the cross, in the form of hems and *gilets* to cloth boleros, and the short sleeved capes. Allied to a plain cloth, the effect of this fine stripe is most telling, and is, perhaps, at its best in black and white, although with a black cloth costume a colour is by no means infrequent. As, for instance, rose or *bleu de saxe*, which is kept strictly to the stripe, and not enlarged upon elsewhere, saving only, perhaps, with the hat.

Paquin

Is deep in the creation of fine striped cloths, of a peculiarly soft and flannel-like quality, and generally rather pale in colour. With these go very short coatees, a favourite finish being a flat-pleated frill of the material. They are costumes that I can only describe as extravagantly simple, enhanced by the *cachet* that is essentially Paquin. Every touch is made to tell, being surely effected by the hand of an artist.

And while the thought is with me, Paquin has a new motor coat, with soft leather for the relieving *motif*, a wrap at once as practical as it is persuasive. Also a *caoutchoux* rainproof affair, by which much store is set for the forthcoming race meetings held during the treacherous Spring weather.

The glorified sailor hat, with high crown and brim narrowed to vanishing point in front—for sailor it is, call it by what name you will—is notably in evidence at Dover Street, where it makes a special plea in a soft smoke grey shade of straw, to which a broad soft tartan ribbon is toned, mingled with maize and white, piled in mountainous loops at the back, above a *cache-peigne* of filmy grey tulle. A tartan ostrich feather is accounted of great *chic*, the tartan similitude being just faintly indicated when the feather is in repose, but that it may not be too incidental the *parti* colourings are repeated in the brim of a straw toque

We are publishing herewith a picture of the "Aquascutum," the knockabout tailor suit, to which I referred last week. The address of the makers is The Aquascutum Company, 100, Regent Street.

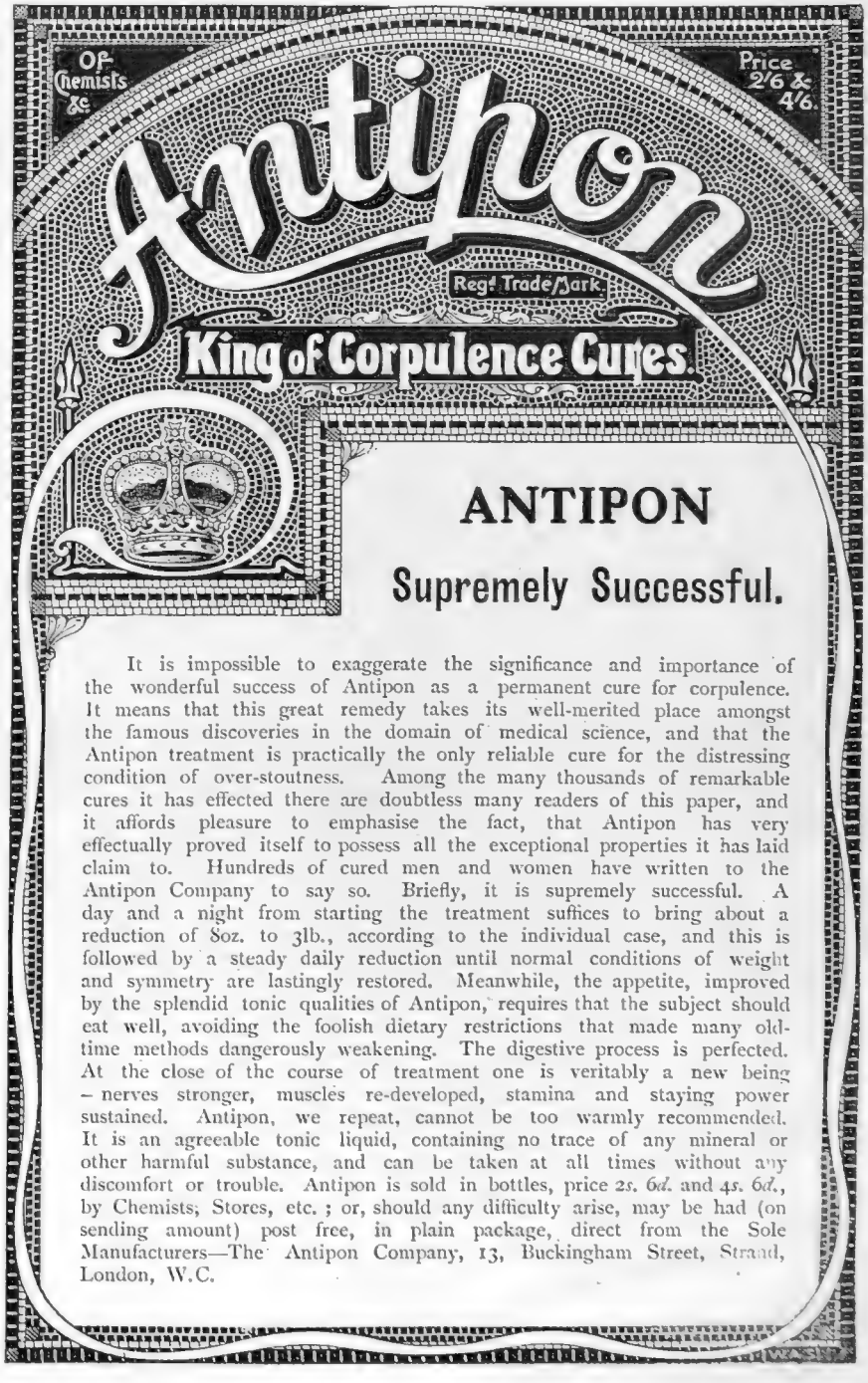
A Timely Message to our Stout Readers

If you have suffered, and are still suffering, from excessive fatness, think for a moment of the discomfort and the ill-health you have had to endure; think of the petty humiliations you have put up with from ill-natured or ill-bred people's comments; think of the many remedies (so-called) you have doubtless tried, and with what disheartening results; reckon up the cost in hard cash. Think seriously of these things, and make up your mind to try the famous Antipon treatment which, as every person who has followed it will tell you, is a permanent cure for the disease of obesity, a splendid tonic, and a renovator of youth and health and strength and beauty. These statements are not exaggerated. The Press throughout the country has been enthusiastic in its praise of Antipon as the recognised standard remedy for the permanent cure of corpulence, and hundreds of private letters from men and women in all parts of the globe confirm the hearty tributes of the Press. These letters are preserved for reference at the registered offices of the Antipon Company, where anyone interested may read them and be convinced of their authenticity. So we say to our stout readers: Repine no more; do not pass another year or another month of depression and discomfort, but investigate the claims of Antipon; try a bottle. Even that will help to prove to you what a sterling remedy it is, and how powerful are its fat-absorbent qualities; for within a day and a night of the first dose there will be a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb., according to individual conditions. Then, day by day, the treatment being consistently followed, there will be a satisfactory decrease until normal weight and natural proportions are restored. While Antipon is absorbing and ejecting from the system the dangerous internal superfat, as well as the unsightly surface deposits, there is a coincident gradual extinction of the tendency to put on flesh, so that once the normal conditions of body are restored the doses may cease. The cure is complete and permanent.

Now, as to the wonderful tonic properties of Antipon. The only ally relied upon in the Antipon treatment is good food. How different is this from the old-time starvation, drugging, exhausting methods of fat-reduction! Antipon tones up and perfects the digestive process. It promotes a healthy, natural appetite. Thus the extra quantity of properly-digested wholesome food taken (there are no disagreeable dietary limitations) makes new, rich blood, which, in turn, goes to make new muscular and nerve tissue, bone tissue, brain tissue Antipon, therefore, is as much a renovator of vitality as a restorer of beauty of form.

Antipon is a pleasantly-tart liquid, of pure, harmless vegetable constituents, and can be taken by young and old without any disturbing after-effects. Every dose adds a little to health, strength, and beauty.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price *2s. 6d.* and *4s. 6d.*, by Chemists, Stores, etc.; or, should any difficulty arise, may be had (on sending amount) post free, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, the Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.



The Aquascutum

A sketch of the knockabout tailor suit for all weathers and purposes, which is designed and sold by the Aquascutum Company, at 100, Regent Street

DRAWN BY MISS H. C. HOARE

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— AND —
SNELGROVE

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PLAIN TUCKED LAWN SHIRT.
Suitable for morning wear, in Sky, Pink, Navy, Ecru, Mauve, Cream,
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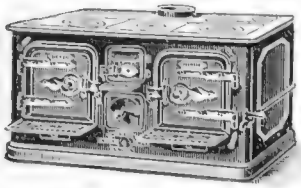

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A Woman's Note Book

The Board of Education's recent Blue Book contains some information decidedly entertaining, at least to the flippant. This publication deals with the expenditure of the local authorities, both in England and Wales, on "Education other than elementary" for the year ending March, 1904. It seems to me there is a beautiful broad-mindedness about what you may learn—if you want to. We used to say: What is technical education? but I find that is all wrong now. Blue Book in hand, we inquire, with a feeling of awe at the range of the subjects: What *isn't* it? Why, you can learn Danish if you go to Kingston-on-Hull, and logic at Hebden Bridge. And then you can travel down from Yorkshire to Herefordshire to acquire the art of shearing sheep—greatly assisted, we will hope, by your former exact science of the mind, to be *practically* exact too. Only the worst of it is that, so far as I know, when you get to Herefordshire to shear the sheep you may be taught a method in which such great mental elevation really plays no part; perhaps the handiest, time-honoured way has always been a success without any argument on the subject. And then your logic is rather in the way than otherwise; and will certainly be met coldly if you employ it in trying to teach your teacher. If I were the Board of Education I would strike at logic, however congenial they find it in Yorkshire. It seems likely to increase argument, and that would be sad; for we talk too much and do too little, and, personally, I am in favour of shearing the sheep. Of course, if we were all logical, argument would decrease, and even women find themselves powerless to persuade against the obstinacy of obvious facts. But now it is a mere chaos that will ensue, when the technical cooks and bookbinders, laundresses and typewriters, come across those logicians from Hebden Bridge.

I would ask, too, not only what is technical education in these days, but also what is "higher education"? Once it had a vague, but very select meaning: it was chiefly what we were not to do—if we were women; but to-day it is as universal and all-embracing as possible. Higher education thirty years ago was supposed to be a subtle influence which destroyed home life and rendered a girl unfitted for anything except what there was no rhyme nor reason in her doing. It stood on a par in old-fashioned minds with the introduction of bicycles; though, needless to say, there was no very intimate connection between them. However, both these things have been allowed to live, and are universally recognised as not so wicked as they first appeared. Still, even now, we should associate higher education with something to do exclusively with the mind (and, therefore, by some regarded with suspicion) were it not evident that many of these same technical students claim "higher" for the queerest things, such as "hedging" and "ditching," besides the same sheep-shearing of which I spoke; so that, far from being a mere effort of the brain, higher education may, it seems, occupy the student in any way from hard labour to, say, typewriting, wherein he only employs the tips of his fingers. Perhaps it has something to do with the *way* these things are done which earns for them such a dignified title.

I should be very sorry to laugh at technical education. What I think we want is more of it. I don't even object to the Danish, though I admit I would like to see the nation more proficient in many other subjects before that one. But why and how has this strange medley of subjects come into being—so different in various localities? I am not well up in the doings of the educational bodies, and I should like to know how the subjects are chosen, and if it is by any will of the people that they vary so considerably. If so, a prize should be given to Herefordshire for its long and admirable list. In London, indeed, it is evident that we can learn "almost anything," but then that is only as it should be.

LADY PHYLLIS.

THE MENU

Some Suggestions for Lent: A Dinner without Meat

Tomato Soup

Soles au Vin Blanc Fillets of Turbot

Eggs à la Reine

Macaroni à la Napolitaine

Crème au Chocolat Canapés of Cheese

Soles au Vin Blanc

Take three medium-sized soles, one glass of white wine, six mushrooms, one small blade of mace, 1 oz. fresh butter, two small shallots (peeled and chopped finely), half gill of milk, pepper and salt, one gill of white sauce, the juice of half a lemon, and parsley for garnish. Wipe, skin, and trim the soles. Butter a sauté-pan, sprinkle over with the chopped shallots, lay in the soles, season with pepper and salt, add the mace, moisten with the wine and stock, cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. When done, take up the fish, put on a dish, and keep hot. Reduce the fish liquor, add the sauce, a few drops of lemon-juice, and tails of the mushrooms finely chopped, boil up, season to taste, and strain over the fish. Garnish with the heads of mushrooms, slightly tossed in a little butter, and a few sprigs of freshly picked parsley. Serve hot.

Eggs a la Reine

Cut some croustades of stale bread, three inches in diameter and half an inch thick, dip them in clarified butter, and let them bake till light brown; put a poached egg on each, cover this with a little good Béchamel sauce, sprinkle with parsley, and serve immediately.

Macaroni à la Napolitaine

Take a piece of gravy-beef, cut in small pieces, put it into a stewpan with a sliced onion and a piece of butter; toss it on the fire till the onion and the pieces of meat are browned, then add a glass of white wine, a bunch of sweet herbs, a sliced carrot, pepper and salt to taste, a few tomatoes and mushrooms cut up, and a good allowance either of stock or tomato sauce. Let the whole simmer for a couple of hours, and then skim off the fat and strain. Put the boiled macaroni into a saucepan, with a piece of butter, plenty of grated Parmesan or Cheddar cheese, and as much of the gravy as it will absorb; toss it on the fire a little, and then serve. Spaghetti may be used instead of macaroni.

EMILIA.

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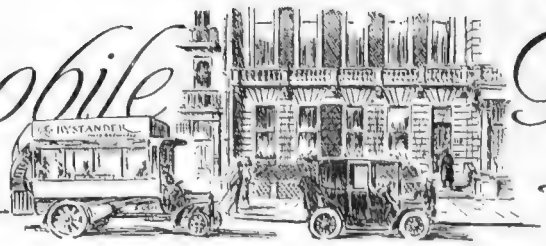
Automobile Topics.



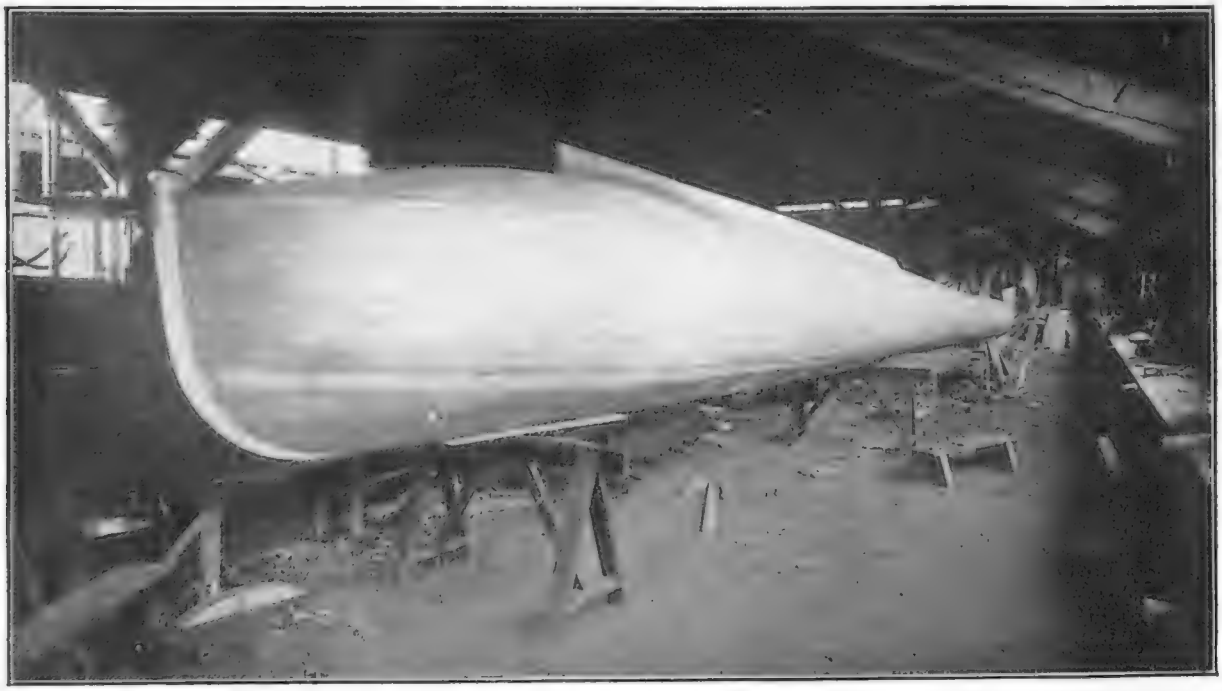
Activity on the Riviera

Now that the Riviera season is in full swing, the large numbers of British and foreign automobolists who annually hibernate on the shores of the Mediterranean have aroused themselves to interest in the many motoring functions that claim attention.

Cannes, Nice, Monaco, and Monte Carlo present, for the next few weeks, a ceaseless round of motor parades, races, and hill-climbing competitions on shore, while for lovers of aquamobilism, regattas, speed contests, and sea-going trials are as plentiful as blackberries in autumn. Although entries for the speed sprints on the Promenade des Anglais at Nice and the La Turbie hill climb are so sparse as to endanger the success of these events, I learn that there is no diminution of support in other directions. It may be taken as a significant sign of the times in motor matters that public interest is increasing in motor boating, one of the most delightful of all sports. In England, France, and Italy, motor engineers and motor-boat builders have been busy during the winter months preparing for the coming campaign, and many excellent examples of marine motor craft have been turned out. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Mr. Lionel de Rothschild have shipped their new 40ft. racer *Siola* to Marseilles. *Yarrow-Napier*, another new British-built boat, is already on the spot, and has achieved a speed of thirty miles an hour in trial work. From the yard of the famous French firm of Tellier and from other centres on the banks of the Seine, candidates for Mediterranean honours have been sent South, while the Italians will be represented by new boats engined with F.I.A.T., Itala, and other well-known motors.

Some Coming Events

The Cannes Annual Regatta, to take place shortly, includes in its programme the race for the Burton Cup. The Monaco Motor-boat Exhibition opens on Sunday, April 1, and thereafter a number of International races will be held in the bay. The Nice Automobile Club will conduct the contest for the Paul Meyan Cup on April 16, and on the following day the first stage of the Mediterranean Long Distance Motor-boat Race from Nice to Toulon will be decided. Other stages in this event—which, by the way, has secured a record entry—are to be decided between Toulon, Cannes, and Genoa, and the Coupe de la Riviera will be awarded on Sunday, April 22. Turning back to the land, there are the De Caters and Rothschild Cups to be competed for in connection with the Nice meeting; while between Monday, April 2, and Sunday, April 8, an interesting competition for voiturettes will be held in four stages, viz., San Remo to Ravenna, 176 miles; Ravenna—Arezzo, 116 miles; Arezzo—Spezia, 128 miles; and Spezia—San Remo, 224 miles. With these and the usual beauty competitions, battles of flowers, and similar gay attractions, many bright and joyous hours may confidently be anticipated in the Sunny South.



Monaco Motor-boat Race Meeting

La Rapière II., successor to the winner of last year's cross-Channel race, in Tellier's building shed, Paris. She is fitted with a 100 h.-p. Panhard engine

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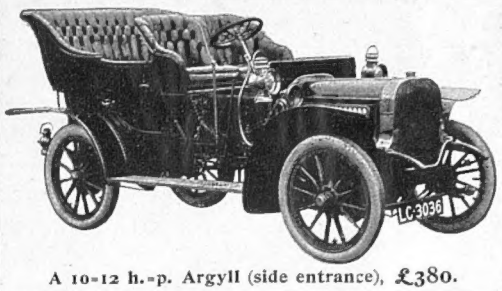

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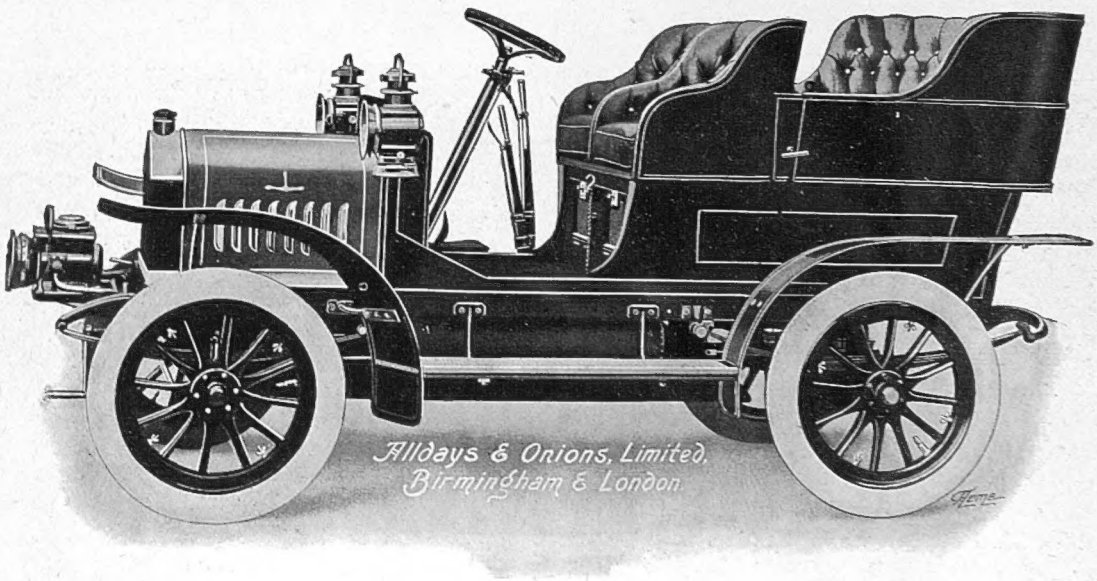

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March 7, 1906.

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Doings at Home

Certain cynics, recalling, perhaps, many merry meetings in the South of France and elsewhere, put forth a plaint from time to time in deprecation of our insular indifference to the lighter side of automobilism. I do not say that a close and candid criticism of the conduct of some of our gatherings would not reveal mistakes in management; but, having vivid recollection of such glorious days as those enjoyed last summer at Bexhill, Brighton, and in the Isle of Man, during the Tourist Trophy race, I am inclined to a cheery optimism in regard to the coming season. We have no great International event like the French Grand Prix or the Herkomer Trophy contest it is true, but we have such interesting fixtures as the Scottish Trials in June, the Tourist Trophy race in Manxland, and a goodly crop of minor functions to look forward to, in addition to a series of marine motor meetings, which not even our Continental friends can surpass. Meanwhile, in accordance with the priority properly accorded in all well-regulated circles, the members of the Ladies' Automobile Club have commenced the campaign by holding their first "meet" of the season at Montreal, the seat of the Earl and Countess of Amherst at Sevenoaks. Some seventy fair motorists, with their friends, drove down without let or hindrance at the hands of a discriminating police, and, after inspecting the park, gardens, and golf links, were refreshed with tea in the ball-room. Among those who "assisted" were Lady Birkbeck, Mrs. Guy Hardy, Mrs. and Miss Amsden, Mrs. Harold Browne, Mrs. William Cleaver, Mrs. Kinloch, Miss Beresford, Mrs. Merryweather, Mrs. Ward, Lady Nore, Miss d'Esterre-Hughes, Colonel and Mrs. Morland, Mr. Leslie Sanders, and Mr. Richardson.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Two famous racing motorists

Lancia (on the left), with Lamberjack, on the Sarthe Circuit

Young Girl Inventor

Some sensation has been caused in Continental circles by the announcement that a turntable, which, when affixed to automobiles, trams, and motor-waggons, enables them to be reversed in practically their own length, has been invented by a girl of fourteen years of age. The young lady, who is the daughter of the Comtesse di Lusi, has, of course, received no mechanical training, but, being greatly interested in motoring, was, we are told, much struck with the inconvenience often occasioned by the difficulty of reversing the direction of motor vehicles in narrow roads. She conceived a remedy which, when put before experts, was pronounced to be not only simple, but remarkably effective, and patents were at once taken out to protect the invention; and it is said that the Belgian Government is now in treaty to acquire the rights for State purposes. No detailed description of the device is at present available, but on this page will be found a portrait of the youthful inventor.

Miss Ernesta di Lusi

The young girl inventor, who has just patented a turntable, which, affixed to any vehicle, enables it to reverse its direction

Miscellanea

I learn that there will be on view in London very shortly a gearless car. The engine of this novel construction is of six-cylinder design, and capable of giving 40 h.-p. at 1,000 r.p.m. The drive is direct, and there will, of course, be no change-speed lever, speed being accelerated or retarded by throttle only. I am informed that from two to fifty miles an hour can be achieved by simply adjusting the quadrant, and that by slipping the clutch the pace can be decreased to a crawl. I shall have more to say in regard to this car at an early date. Meantime, I may point out that should it fully answer expectations, the familiar "chewing up of gears" by careless or inexpert drivers will be entirely obviated, and the task of those makers who guarantee their cars for a term of years greatly simplified.

Those well-known International motor drivers, Lancia and Navarro, accompanied by M. Lamberjack, have been sampling the Sarthe Circuit, over which the race for the Grand Prix will be run on June 26 and 27. The total distance to be covered is 750 miles, and as between St. Calais and La Fourchette there is a fairly level "straight" of twenty miles or so, we may expect something tall in the way of speed. Lancia, the famous F.I.A.T. exponent, whose smiling features are reproduced in this number of THE BYSTANDER, has expressed the opinion that all records for road racing will be eclipsed during the Grand Prix. DOUGLAS MILLER.

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"Better drink was never made—

"We said **Bouril"**

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The Editor's Box

Literary Note

An important addition to the reference library will be "The Green Room Book, or Who's Who on the Stage," which has just been published by Mr. T. Sealey Clark, 1, Racquet Court, Fleet Street. The new annual is an important work of 480 pages profusely illustrated with full-page portraits of many of the leading figures on the stage. Nearly 400 pages are devoted to condensed biographies—which have for the most part been compiled from direct personal sources—of prominent actors and actresses, managers, authors, composers, critics, vocalists, etc., connected with the British, American, and Continental stage. An interesting feature of the book is a series of genealogical tables, setting forth the origin and descent of about twenty of the best-known theatrical families. Other departments include a mass of information concerning the licensing of the London theatres and halls, a list of plays of the year (giving dates of production and withdrawal), descriptions and details of the leading theatrical clubs, charities, and other professional associations, a list of theatres, music and concert halls of the United Kingdom, digests of theatrical law cases, and much information which is available in no other publication. The book is published at 5*s.* net.

Mooring Notes

At Mr. Cordingley's Exhibition, now in progress at the Agricultural Hall, much interest has been centred upon the exhibits of the Aero Club. The Hon. C. S. Rolls, by the way, has ordered a balloon of 17,500 feet capacity, which, when packed, can be stowed on a car. In conjunction with Messrs. Warwick-Wright and Moore Brabazon, Mr. Rolls has also on the stocks a larger balloon of 42,000 feet capacity. In this he purposes to make many ascents during the summer.

On Stands 107 and 108, at the Agricultural Hall, may be seen two beautifully finished specimens of the new 16-20 h.-p. four-cyclinder Humber cars, fitted with Dunlop heavy tyres. These cars, together with the two 10-12 h.-p. four-cylinder Humbers, will well repay a visit of inspection. The Exhibition closes on March 31.

"Silicon China"

We have recently had the pleasure of inspecting the showroom exhibits of Messrs. Booths, Ltd., of "Silicon China" fame. Possibly some of our readers have noticed, displayed in the windows of china dealers or in the large stores, dainty dinner and toilet services or other goods, which arrested their attention because of their beauty, labelled with the now well-known card, "Silicon China," and the trade mark. Nothing is more pleasing to the

eye, or more inviting to the palate, than perfect table appointments, but china by the well-known makers, with its constant risk of breakage, is an expensive luxury for daily use. Messrs. Booth, Ltd., by putting the "Silicon China" before the public, have solved a difficulty. "Silicon China" has the appearance of the most famous makes; its surface is so superb in finish that even a connoisseur might have difficulty in detecting the difference between it and china five to ten times its cost.

A Booklet for Connoisseurs

It is not often a booklet has such attractive features as the one just issued by Messrs. Gill and Reigate, the well-known Antique Connoisseurs and Decorative Specialists of Oxford Street and Dean Street. Some remarkable examples of restorations of old periods are given, and the illustrations from pen-and-ink sketches include a Jacobean dining-room, with antique oak mantel and furniture; a morning room, with Oriel window of the Tudor period; a boudoir of the time of Charles II., and many other daintily furnished apartments.

Some Modern London Flats

If there be a pleasure in reading about the grand houses of other people, there is a certain luxury in scanning a little booklet that has been forwarded to us, which tells of the delights of living in St. James's Court, one of those aggregations of modern flats in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace, which are doing something to solve the problem of living in a great city, where rents are extremely high and the servant question one of constant difficulty. The little book gives an impression that life might go very smoothly in such surroundings, and the illustrations afford evidence that the surroundings themselves are those of luxurious comfort. Copies of the booklet will be sent on application to the Resident Manager.

A Notice

The Concert-Direction (Limited), of 41-43, Maddox Street, W., write to announce that Mr. William Sewell is no longer associated in any way with their business, or with that of their clients, the British Symphony Orchestra.

Fashion in Food

We have, just now, an instance of a reviving taste for an old-fashioned English food, and the revival is all the more interesting because there is a very cogent reason underlying it. Sir Francis Laking pronounced his judgment in favour of Currant Bread, which, he tells us, is one of the most valuable and nutritious things at our command. He would wish to see it on the table at every meal, because of its wholesomeness and palatability. Following on this opinion of so high an authority, numerous other distinguished men set themselves to work to discover by analysis just what place the currant ought to occupy amongst the foods. The result has been surprising to a degree, and the fruit is now demonstrated to be simply full of nutriment in a shape highly acceptable to the body. Plain bread, though dignified by the name "Staff of Life," is not a complete food, and the saying that man cannot live by bread alone is absolute material truth, but when currants are introduced into it we have a perfect food, the fruit supplementing the deficiency in nutriment.

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